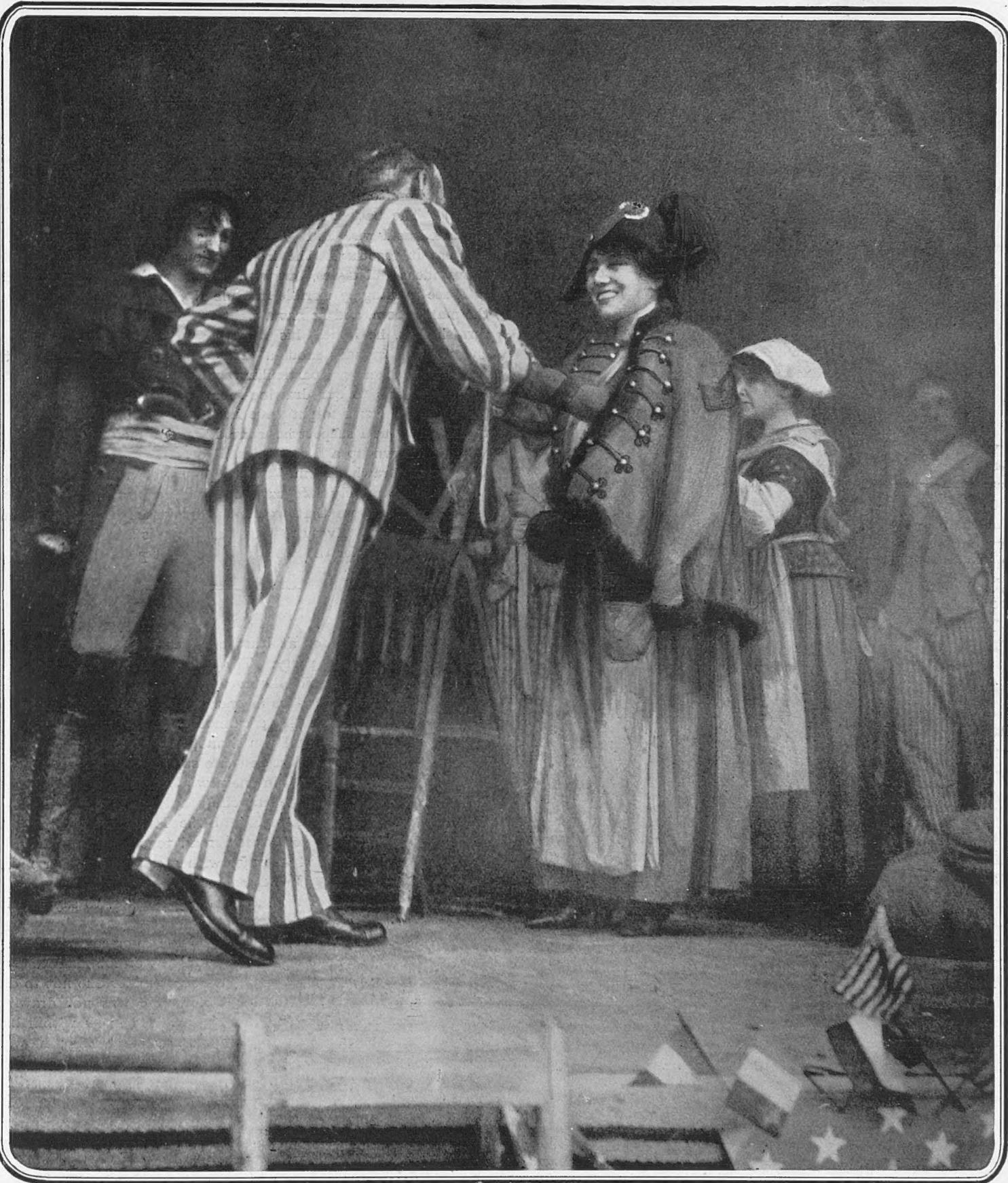


The Sketch

No. 1052.—Vol. LXXXI.

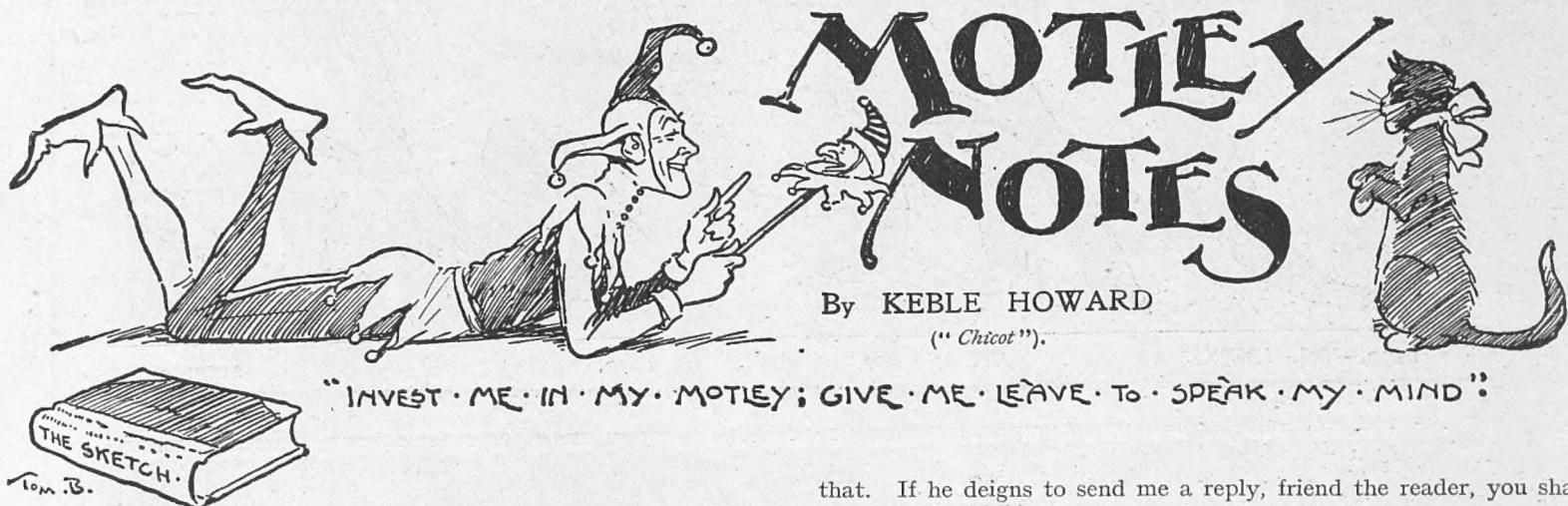
WEDNESDAY, MARCH 26, 1913.

SIXPENCE.



CONVEYING THE THANKS OF THE 1902 PRISONERS WHO WERE HER AUDIENCE: A PRISONER KISSING THE HAND OF MME. SARAH BERNHARDT AFTER HER PRESENTATION OF "UNE NUIT DE NOEL" IN THE CALIFORNIA STATE PRISON AT SAN QUENTIN.

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt recently gave an open-air performance before the prisoners of the California State Prison at San Quentin, presenting "Une Nuit de Noel," a one-act play by her son, Maurice Bernhardt, and Henri Cain. 1902 prisoners attended and made a magnificent audience. After the curtain had fallen it was raised again, and a prisoner read to Mme. Bernhardt an address in French, thanking her and her company. After this, the prisoner kissed the actress's hand. The occasion was made possible by Warden John E. Hoyle, who believes that prisoners should be given a chance to redeem themselves. Mingled with the prisoners in the audience were some fifty guests (chiefly ladies) of Warden and Mrs. Hoyle. The performance took place on Washington's birthday.



By KEBLE HOWARD

(“*Chicot*”).

that. If he deigns to send me a reply, friend the reader, you shall have the great pleasure of reading it on this page.

The Professor on
Furnishing.

In the meantime, let us glance at these dreadful rules drawn up by the American Professor for his wife's guidance, and so roundly condemned

by Mr. Hamilton.

(1) “The back parlour to be my study, and the library to be furnished as I wish and to be used as I desire in every detail. We can use it together. The front parlour to be furnished according to my ideas and tastes, but with suggestions from yourself.”

I see nothing so terrible in Rule No. 1. After all, the library is the man's room, and he has a right to furnish it as he likes. Having furnished it, he invites his wife to use it with him. That sounds cheerful and friendly enough. He does not dictate to her as to the furnishing of her own particular room. The “front parlour,” I take it, corresponds to our drawing-room—a silly room at all times. I think the Professor might have left the furnishing of this silly room to his wife, but I suspect he wanted to limit the amount spent on it. If I had drawn up a list of rules, I fear I should have said, “There shall be no drawing-room.” The Professor did not go nearly so far as that. He merely safeguarded himself against a huge outlay on furniture for a room that would never be used save for purposes of formal snobbery. Every real drawing-room is a Temple of Snobbery. By so much happier the home that does not possess one.

Oh, Wise Professor! (2) “We are not to rent a pew in any church for at least one year. We are not to travel abroad together in a party. There shall be no dictating or commanding from you to me whatever.”

Here we have three rules in one. I agree about the pew. Once rented, always rented. You cannot give up your pew without giving up your parson, and you cannot give up your parson without social unpleasantness. First be quite sure of your parson, and then, if you can't worship as well in one pew as another, hire your pew.

I agree, too, about the travelling abroad together in a party. This was wonderfully far-seeing of the Professor. Nothing could be more dreadful than to travel abroad together in a party. Two people can travel abroad together with great pleasure, or four, but a party—! No. The Professor was dead right. Out of such parties arise all sorts of bickerings and jealousies, to say nothing of a little scandal now and then.

And, of course, he could not be dictated to or commanded by his wife, any more than she could be dictated to or commanded by him. “Ah,” you say, perhaps, “but he does not undertake not to dictate or command himself!” Certainly not. He was not drawing up rules of conduct for himself, but for her. He knew within himself that he would never dream of commanding or dictating; he was not quite so sure of his wife. How could he be? Students of life know that it is always the least likely thing that happens—especially in matrimony.

There are some more of these very interesting rules, but I find that I have outrun my space. Unless the topic bores you to desperation, friend the reader, I will return to it next week. We men need a champion in these days, however feeble—especially when Mr. A. Hamilton is all for the other side. Perhaps I shall have had a line from him by next week. Come, Sir, let us fight this thing out to a finish! My blood tingles for the fray!

Rules for Wives. I am inclined to think that Professor Edward N. Reser went too far. We all know that it is possible to be over-cautious, even in matrimonial matters, and it seems to me that, if anything, the Professor was a little over-cautious. There is not much harm in being engaged for seven years before you marry, and I have known an engagement of fourteen years lead to apparent happiness. But the Professor was engaged for twenty-four years. I think we may call that over-doing it.

Besides, he took other steps to be quite sure of bliss in his married life. According to one of my daily papers, the Professor drew up a list of rules for his wife. Mr. A. Hamilton, secretary of the Divorce Law Reform Union, interviewed on these rules drawn up by the well-meaning Professor, and, in point of fact, on the Professor's conduct of his private affairs in general, expressed himself in strong terms. He was emphatically of the opinion that husbands should not draw up rules for their wives.

“A woman who is married to that kind of man is to be pitied.” Thus Mr. A. Hamilton, secretary of the Divorce Law Reform Union. “The drawing-up of rules like those of the American husband,” continued Mr. A. Hamilton, who seems to be a professor himself in all matters pertaining to matrimony, “is the quintessence of stupidity. In any proper union there would not be the slightest need for rules. Women in the general way are only too delighted to carry out every whim and wish of their husbands. This particular husband seems to think he has hired a glorified lodging-house landlady, who will give him double the benefits, but who will be required to expend double the trouble over him, to which any ordinary landlady would object.”

The Married
Woman's
Champion.

Mr. A. Hamilton is evidently the true knight of all married women. I do not know what the aims and ambitions of the Divorce Law Reform Union may be, but I feel that the

Union will never be unpopular with married women so long as Mr. A. Hamilton is the tactful and energetic secretary. He says such charming things about them all! He has unlimited belief, not only in the members of the Union—that one could readily understand—but in the myriads of women who are not yet members of the Union. Think of it: “Women in the general way are only too delighted to carry out every whim and wish of their husbands”—no matter how peevish, selfish, or ill-considered.

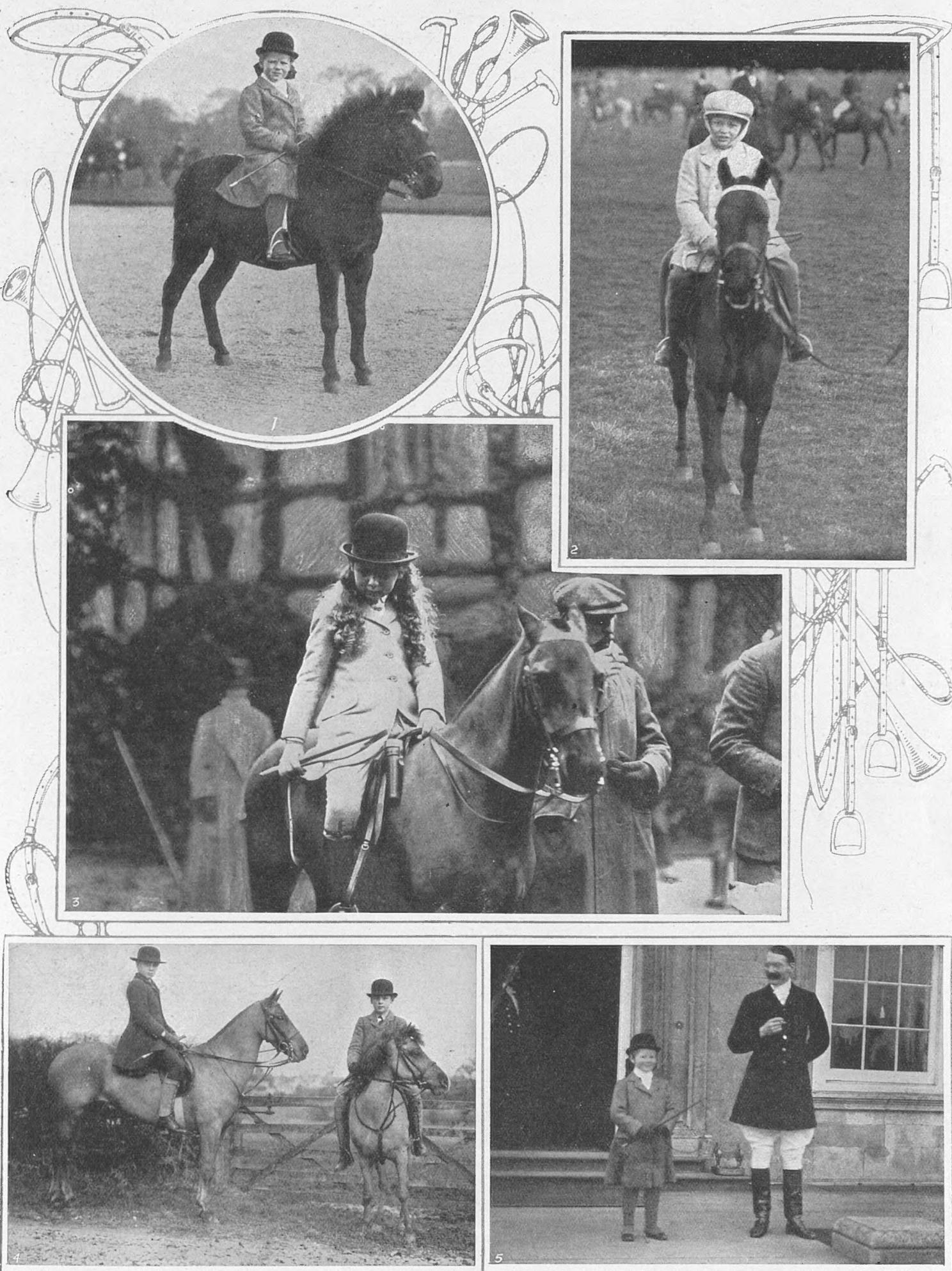
There are just a few points that I should like to put to Mr. A. Hamilton. They are these. Should the women be so willing? Should they not oppose the whims and wishes of their husbands of which they disapprove? Should there not be a certain amount of opposition in the home, of clashing of wills, even of stormy controversies? Is there not something unnatural and unhealthy about the too peaceful life? Was W. S. Gilbert altogether out of it when he wrote—

Oh, doesn't the day seem lank and long.
When all goes right and nothing goes wrong?
And isn't your life extremely flat
With nothing whatever to grumble at?

And is not the husband likely to suspect the ever-submissive, the unreasoningly submissive wife of being a qualified hypocrite?

I put these queries to Mr. A. Hamilton in all humility. I am not an authority on these matters; he is, and a professional one at

SPORT AND THE YOUNGER GENERATION: CHILDREN OF NIMROD.



1. WITH THE COTTESMORE: MISS GRETTON, DAUGHTER OF MR. JOHN GRETTON, M.P., AND GRANDDAUGHTER OF LORD VENTRY.

3. WITH THE WHADDON CHASE: LADY MARY FITZMAURICE, DAUGHTER OF THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF ORKNEY.

4. WITH THE COTTESMORE: THE HON. MAUREEN STEWART AND LORD STEWART,

2. WITH THE COTTESMORE: MASTER WILLIAM WALROND, SON OF THE HON. LIONEL WALROND, M.P.

5. AT A MEET OF THE COTTESMORE: MISS GRETTON WITH HER FATHER.

Miss Gretton is the daughter of Mr. John Gretton, M.P. (Unionist) for Rutlandshire, and formerly for Derbyshire. He is Chairman of Messrs. Bass, Ratcliff, and Gretton, Ltd., and is a Colonel in the Territorials. In 1900, he married the Hon. Maud Helen de Moleyns, youngest daughter of Baron Ventry. Their children are John Frederic, born in 1902; Kathleen Fanny, born in 1904; and Mary Catherine Hersey, born in 1906.—Master William Walrond, son of the Hon. Lionel Walrond, M.P. (Conservative) for the Tiverton Division, was born in 1905. His father is the only son and heir of Lord Waleran, and his mother is a daughter of Mr. George Coats.—Lady Mary Fitzmaurice, who was born on Feb. 26, 1903, is the only child of the Earl and Countess of Orkney.—Lord Stewart, only son of Viscount Castlereagh, and grandson of the Marquess of Londonderry, was born on Nov. 19, 1902. His sister, the Hon. Maureen Stewart, was born in 1900. Lady Castlereagh is a daughter of Mr. Henry Chaplin.

THE GREEK TRAGEDY: THE LATE KING, HIS QUEEN, AND HEIR.



1. AS HE WAS OFTEN TO BE SEEN ABOUT THE STREETS: THE LATE KING IN WALKING-DRESS.

3. THE NEW KING OF THE HELLENES AS A SHOT: KING CONSTANTINE (THEN CROWN PRINCE) IN ENGLAND.

2. PHOTOGRAPHED WHILE ON AN ERRAND OF MERCY TO THE WOUNDED AT LARISSA: THE WIDOWED QUEEN OF THE HELLENES.

4. AT A "SHOOT" IN ENGLAND: THE NEW QUEEN OF THE HELLENES, SISTER OF THE KAISER.

There were several dramatic coincidences in connection with the murder of King George of Greece. He was killed on March 18, fifty years almost to the day from his election as King, which took place on March 18, 1863, according to the old style, which is March 31 by our calendar. The King's last words were memorable. After speaking to the equerry who was with him of the fall of Yanina as a fitting climax to his fifty years' reign, he said, "To-morrow, when I pay my formal visit to the Dreadnought 'Goeben,' the German battleship is to honour the Greek King here in Salonica. That fills me with happiness and contentment." At that moment the shot struck him. Speaking of his son's victories previously, he said, "Now that the victorious strife is at an end the only reward for him can be the throne."—[Photos, *Topical and Illus. Bureau*.]

“LE ROI EST MORT! VIVE LE ROI!” GREEK ROYALTIES.



1. DAUGHTERS OF THE NEW KING AND QUEEN OF THE HELLENES: PRINCESS HELENE AND PRINCESS IRENE.

2. THE WIDOWED QUEEN-MOTHER OF GREECE: QUEEN OLGA.

3. WITH THEIR CHILDREN (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT), PRINCE PAUL, PRINCE ALEXANDER, PRINCE GEORGE, AND PRINCESSES HELENE AND IRENE: THE NEW KING AND QUEEN OF THE HELLENES AND THEIR FAMILY.

The dastardly crime which deprived Greece of a ruler who for fifty years had guided her fortunes through good and evil days with whole-hearted devotion, has raised his son to the throne at a moment when the land which founded European civilisation seems to be reviving her ancient glory. The new King Constantine was born at Athens in 1868. In 1889, he married Princess Sophie of Prussia, sister of the German Emperor. Their betrothal took place at the bedside of her dying father, the late Emperor Frederick. The wedding was at Athens. There is ancient prophecy that “When a Royal Constantine weds a Princess Sophie, their son shall reign in Constantinople.” Whether this will be fulfilled, the future will show. Their eldest son, Prince George, was born in 1890, Prince Alexander in 1893, Princess Helene in 1896, Prince Paul in 1901, and Princess Irene in 1904. The widowed Queen Olga, who married the late King in 1867, was a Grand Duchess of Russia.—[Photographs by Voigt, Topical, and Boehringer.]

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Every contribution submitted to "The Sketch" should bear the full name and address of the sender legibly written. In the case of batches of photographs and drawings, the name and address should be written on each photograph or drawing.

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THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

PERHAPS "Bought and Paid For" is not quite as lurid as the title, though at one moment it threatened to be; but our melodramatists show a tendency to be a bit too genteel, and when they arrive at the big sensational scenes, they are inclined to mitigate them needlessly. However, what the author calls "a simple story of Courtship, Separation and Reunion" is quite an excellent specimen of emotional drama, if innocent of the problem-play spirit thrust upon it by some critics. Mr. George P. Broadhurst, the Anglo-American author, is a clever playwright, but we have had nothing yet of him in England to suggest that he belongs to the admired and unpopular class of advanced dramatists. Probably the success comes as much from the comic passages as from the emotional. The author has drawn one character very skilfully—that of a swollen-headed, rather smart New York clerk, who rarely opens his mouth without uttering some quaint piece of slang. Mr. Frank Craven played the character very cleverly, and after a few minutes got a firm hold of the audience and made it rock with laughter. Of course, it was strange that he alone of the New Yorkers had an American accent, but managers seem to keep repeating this absurdity in the hope that it will be accepted ultimately as a convention—which it is not yet. A superb performance was given by Miss Alexandra Carlisle in the character of the fastidious telephone-girl; and Mr. Allan Aynesworth played the part of the millionaire with considerable power and handled the drunken scenes very cleverly.

At the Court Theatre last week Miss Esmé Beringer produced three one-act plays, all of considerable merit and all admirably acted. Miss Beringer herself played with great power and a fierce sincerity as a middle-aged countrywoman with a life marred by the absence of children—who discovered that her husband had been unfaithful and yet forgave him. The play, which is called "The Cradle," by A. Rochester, was injured by over-emphasis, but it had moments of real passion. Miss Vera Beringer gave a clever sketch of a slangy chorus-girl in an ably written piece called "The Absent-Minded Husband," by Henry Seton; and the programme concluded with a delightfully humorous comedy by Morley Roberts and Henry Seton called "The Morning Post," in which Mr. Rudge Harding and Miss Ellen O'Malley were perfect pictures of a priggish husband and a wilful wife. All the three plays would do well as curtain-raisers, or in the halls, as they are well above the average of merit.

The annual matinée of the Academy of Dramatic Art at the Playhouse showed, as usual, that a number of young players are being well taught, and that some of them display much promise. It was a long programme. This is necessary in order to give a chance to as many as possible. The best effort was Act. I. of "Diana of Dobson's," in which Miss Olive W. Davies gave a performance of Diana which had no signs of immaturity; and Miss Iris Foss displayed a real sense of comedy. Miss Gladys Young played the bedroom scene of Juliet with intelligence; and in a little Cockney sketch Miss Stella du Part acted delightfully. Of the gentlemen, Mr. A. D. Glascodine made the greatest impression as old Capulet in a rage; but nearly all were good, and we had an excellent rendering of the first act of "Milestones," and of the second act of "A Woman of No Importance."

The Play Actors were not very happy in their latest choice of a play. "Those Suburbans," by Cecil Clifton, was clearly intended to be a study of humble life—hypocritical religion, business scoundrelism, children misunderstood by parents, daughters revolting, and the rest of it; combined with many reflections upon the present constitution of society. Unfortunately, the reflections were trite and shallow, and the persons were for the most part figures of uninspiring farce: the result was a not very cheering afternoon. Mr. Sebastian Smith, who reminded us of Mr. Weedon Grossmith, caused some laughter by an extravagant picture of a pious humbug, and Mr. Fewlass Llewellyn gave a clever study of a genial scoundrel; while Miss Dulcie Greatwich showed promise in the part of a slangy and irrepressible little girl. But Mr. Clifton, when writing another play, must make up his mind more clearly as to the class to which he intends it to belong.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The Editor of "The Sketch" wishes to inform would-be contributors that no outside firm whatever can guarantee the printing of drawings, photographs, articles, or stories in the editorial section of his paper, the choice of what shall appear being entirely a matter for his personal decision. No firm is authorised to act for "The Sketch" as acceptor for publication of any editorial material, unless that firm is acting directly as agent for that paper. The Editor begs to inform his readers that he is always pleased to consider contributions of any kind which may be submitted to him direct.



THE CLUBMAN

TURKEY'S "ALABAMA": NAVAL CADETS FROM PUBLIC SCHOOLS: THE WAIL OF THE TAXI WHISTLE.

The "Hamidieh" Again. The feats of the *Hamidieh*, the three-funnelled Turkish second-class cruiser which, after cruising in the Red Sea, transferred its activity to the Adriatic, sank some Greek transports carrying Servian troops, and bombarded the Servian encampments at two of the Albanian ports, recall to mind the feats of the *Alabama* during the American Civil War, though it is to be hoped, for the sake of her plucky young commander, Fuad Bey, and of her crew, that she will not suffer the fate of the *Alabama*.

The "Alabama." The feats of the *Alabama* cost this country some £3,000,000 in gold. The vessel, which was known as No. 290, was built by Messrs. Laird at Birkenhead, and the United States Consul at Liverpool reported to his Government that she was evidently intended for service under the Confederates. The Law Officers of the Crown concluded that there was sufficient evidence to justify the detention of the vessel, but by some accident, probably through the illness of Sir John Hardinge, the instructions to seize the ship were only issued the day after she had sailed. No. 290, when she arrived at the Azores, became the *Alabama*, and shipped her guns and ammunition, which had been sent after her in two British vessels. Then she became the terror of the high seas to the merchant shipping of the Northern States, and after



BIG-GAME HUNTING AT SEA! SHOOTING WALRUSES.

Photograph by Scherl.

doing very much the same kind of work that the *Hamidieh* is doing, was caught at last in port at Cherbourg by the *Kearsage*, which waited outside the harbour to fight her when the French authorities compelled her to leave. It was an unequal fight, and the commander of the *Kearsage*, knowing that he had speed as well as weight of metal to the good, hung one side of his ship with chain-cables, making her thus half an ironclad. He kept the armoured side of his ship towards the *Alabama* in the action of July 19, 1864, and sank his opponent. An English yacht watched the contest at close quarters, and assisted in the rescue of the *Alabama*'s crew when she sank.

Public Schools and the Navy. Thirty, so I read, is to be the number of public school-boys admitted annually as officers into the Navy, but no doubt if the experiment proves successful the number will be very largely increased. The proportion of this thirty that any one public school can send up would hardly justify at present the establishment of a Navy Class at any of the big schools. The subjects, however, in which the would-be cadet is to be examined—English, English History, Geography, a Modern Language or Latin, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry and Elementary Engineering—are those subjects generally taught on the modern side of any school, and no doubt the instruction given now to the Army Class would prepare a boy well for the Navy examination. The age of the candidates is to be between 17½ and 19, or somewhat older than the lads who come from Osborne; and unless a boy has a real calling for the sea, he will find his life during the period

he is a Naval cadet, before going to the Fleet as midshipman, very cramped in contrast to the liberty allowed a senior at Eton, Harrow, Rugby, or Winchester. This is a matter, however, which will right itself. In the sister Service, the Army, University candidates have always found the life of a junior subaltern very restricted after University life, but they always settle down quite comfortably after a time into their places in the regiment.

The Taxi-Cab Strike.

It is devoutly to be hoped that by the time these lines are in print the taxi-cab strike will have come to an end. The proprietors of one of the chief cab companies recently agreed to supply a motor-spirit to their drivers at 8d. a gallon, pending a permanent settlement with the federation. The taxi-drivers struck when the charge for petrol was raised from 8d. to 1s. 1½d. per gallon, the men at that time offering to pay 10½d. a gallon for petrol. The strike has cost the cab pro-



THE TWO-BERTH BEDSTEAD: AN OLD DOUBLE BED IN BRITTANY.

The photograph illustrates the usual type of the two-storey closed bedsteads of Brittany.

prietors a very large sum, and the drivers are also much out of pocket by their holiday. The owners of private cabs and the drivers for some of the smaller companies have contributed large sums out of their takings to the strike fund which pays the unemployed chauffeurs a weekly wage, but these subscribers would certainly become restive if the other drivers showed disinclination to accept reasonable terms. If one great taxi-cab company can come to terms with their drivers, the other companies will soon be able to arrange matters, and, as it reads to an unprejudiced observer as though a middle way will soon be found, I trust that the wailing of whistles all day long for taxi-cabs which do not come, in the streets and squares of the West End, may soon cease, and that the



MANY TIMES KILLED BY REPORT! KING MENELIK OF ABYSSINIA.

King Menelik has beaten all the records in number of deaths by report, but, apparently, is still alive. Meantime, it may be noted that his Consort, according to a telegram, was granted her freedom the other day after having been a prisoner in the Ghebbi for three years. The Emperor Menelik claims, as lineal descendant of King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, to be the Lion of the House of Judah.—[Photograph by Holtz.]

fine crop of influenza and colds which ladies have contracted by walking home after dinner on wet nights in thin shoes may soon be regarded as ancient history.

THE STAFFORDS: "BOUGHT AND PAID FOR," AT THE NEW.



1. AND 2. THE NIGHT ON WHICH THE DRUNKEN ROBERT STAFFORD BREAKS IN THE DOOR OF THE BEDROOM IN WHICH HIS WIFE HAS LOCKED HERSELF: MISS ALEXANDRA CARLISLE AS VIRGINIA AND MR. ALLAN AYNESWORTH AS ROBERT STAFFORD.

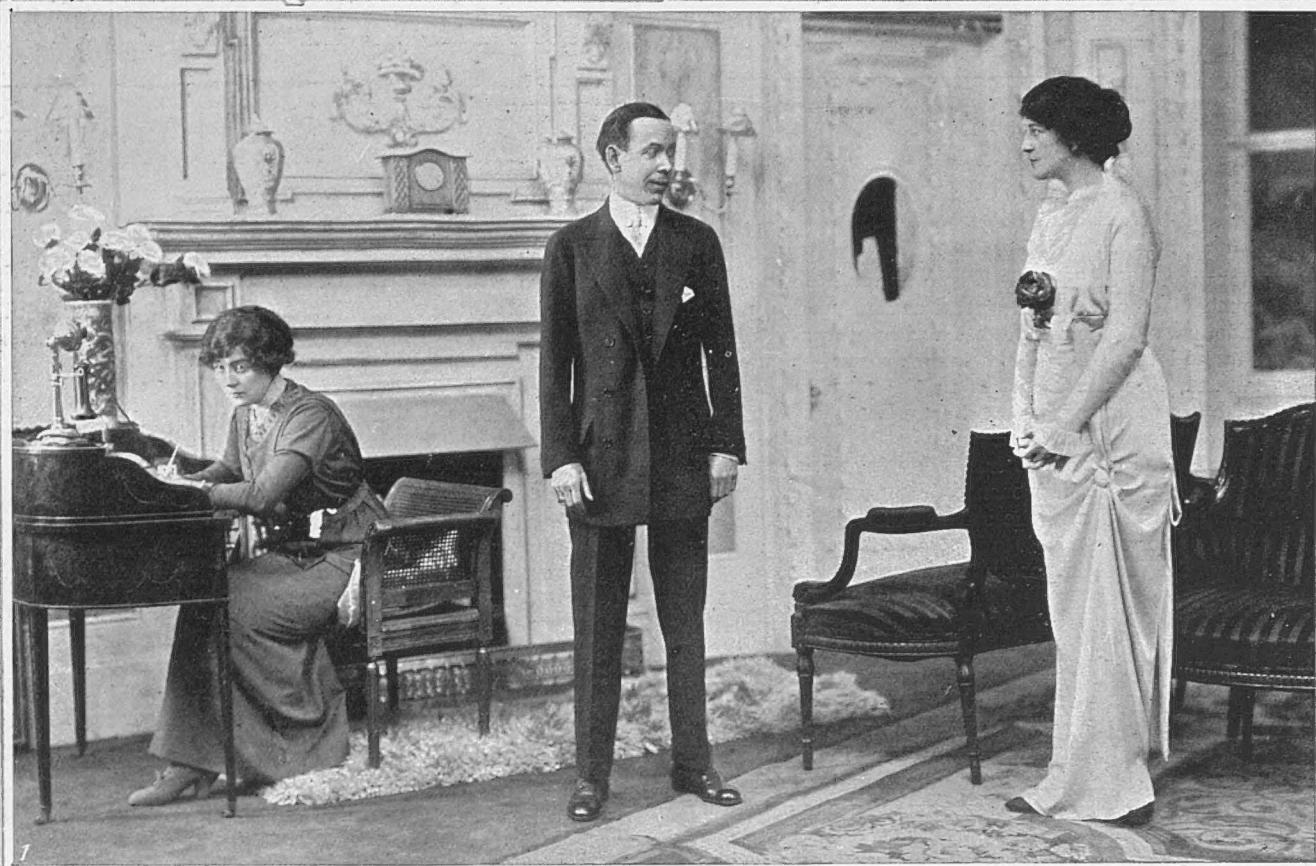
3. VIRGINIA GIVES BACK THE PRICE WITH WHICH HER HUSBAND DECLARES HE HAS BOUGHT AND PAID FOR HER, AND LEAVES HIM: MR. ALLAN AYNESWORTH AS ROBERT STAFFORD AND MISS ALEXANDRA CARLISLE AS VIRGINIA.

4. ROBERT ASSURES VIRGINIA THAT HE CAME TO BRING HER BACK: MISS ALEXANDRA CARLISLE AS VIRGINIA AND MR. ALLAN AYNESWORTH AS ROBERT STAFFORD.

Robert Stafford, financier, asks Virginia Blaine, telephone girl, to marry him. She hesitates, then is convinced by his sincerity, by her sister Fanny, and by that sister's fiancé, James Gilley, a shipping clerk with a sense of humour and yet a great belief in his own powers. In due time, the wedding takes place, and Virginia has her maid, her jewels, and her motor; while James, who has married too, is also better off, Robert Stafford having, as he puts it, "given him a chance." But there is a particularly obnoxious fly in the precious ointment of Virginia's content. Her husband gets drunk frequently. On one night he is particularly brutish. Virginia seeks to escape his embraces. He taunts her, saying that he has bought her and paid for her, and that she is his property to do with as he will. Fighting herself free, Virginia rushes to her room and locks herself in. In drunken fury her husband batters at the door and breaks a panel in.—

[Continued opposite.]

THE GILLEYS: "BOUGHT AND PAID FOR," AT THE NEW.



1. WHEN THE GILLEYS SEE THE BROKEN PANEL IN VIRGINIA'S BEDROOM DOOR, AND FANNY SAYS THAT SHE WOULD LEAVE ANY MAN WHO DID SUCH A THING: MISS ALEXANDRA CARLISLE AS VIRGINIA MR. FRANK CRAVEN AS JAMES GILLEY, AND MISS ALICE CRAWFORD AS FANNY.

2. JIMMY HAS ANOTHER IDEA! MISS ALICE CRAWFORD AS FANNY AND MR. FRANK CRAVEN AS JAMES GILLEY.

Continued.

—The next day he is repentant and would apologise; but this time Virginia has had enough. She tries to exact a promise that he shall not drink again; the result is that the pair part, the man saying that if the woman wants him she must return to him of her own accord, the woman saying that if the man wants her he must send for her. Virginia then goes to live with the Gilleys, who are also "reduced," Robert's patronage having been withdrawn. Then the Gilleys make a plan, and telephone to Robert that Virginia has sent for him, at the same time making Virginia believe that Robert has come of his own accord. The plot succeeds, and although, eventually, both husband and wife know the truth, it does not prevent reconciliation. As James has it, Virginia rushes to her husband's arms with a speed that "makes a bounding antelope look like a plumber's assistant."



FRESH AIR FOR A HOME SECRETARY: "OPEN WINDOWS," AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

Cynthia's Spree. "Open Windows" is a title that would seem a little surprising to a foreigner if he were to hear that it is used in respect of an English play dealing with a question of sex morality. For it is the common opinion on the Continent that in such matters we are hypocrites and prudes, people who blush at the indelicacy of their thoughts and immorality of their acts, and pretend to find in their blushes some excuse—people who are constantly thankful, like the Pharisee in the parable, and try desperately to close doors and windows on their misconduct. Speaking of "Open Windows" reminds me of a joke that I saw in a French paper, smuggled in by some Gaul who had Nightingale ideas. According to the story, a man who had been sniffing about in a room complained of a peculiar smell, and the answer was that somebody must have left the windows open. And this little French story brings me to the play, the most important, and perhaps interesting,

part of which passes in France, before the play begins. Cynthia Hammond was a beautiful young artist studying at a famous atelier in Paris, and she had begun to make money by her art. She had two admirers—John Herrick, an obscure, poor person; and one Philip. John was in the habit of making her offers of marriage and getting refusals regularly. With Philip, matters went differently. Indeed, for his sake she chucked her cap over the mill—whether it was the Moulin Rouge or the Moulin de la Galette I do not know; and they had a grand,



ELSIE HERRICK AND PHILIP BROOK: MISS ROSALIE TOLLER AND MR. SYDNEY VALENTINE.
CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

naughty week together just before he set out on an expedition to climb Mount Everest. She said afterwards they had not got enough money to marry on; but seeing that she was earning something as an artist, and he could find funds for a two years' expedition to the Himalayas, I do not believe her. The result of this grand, naughty week was that—there was a result: so Cynthia suddenly accepted the latest offer of John Herrick, and hustled him into marriage with such celerity that he fondly believed himself to be the father of the "result," a bouncing baby, whom they called Elsie. I say, bouncing, because I believe it to be a technical term applicable to babies, though I have never noticed any resilience about the infants inadvertently handed to me by mothers with whom I have ceased to be popular.

And the Result. Really, Cynthia ought to have behaved better: she should not have imitated the cuckoo, which plants its eggs in other people's nests. But life in the Quartier Latin eighteen years ago, when that week happened, was not profoundly moral; and the Rue de Vaugirard, or the Boulevard Montparnasse, and the cafés of the district, and the Bal Bullier, and the studios when I haunted them, were poor places for the study of ethics. Even in these days—I am old enough now to call them degenerate days—you would not send anybody to the Quarter for the purpose of obtaining a moral education as well as a training in art. Still, in my humble opinion, John Herrick was hardly in a position to throw stones, for he was told and knew that Cynthia did not love him, and his marriage under the circumstances was entirely immoral. We heard all about that the next evening in "Bought and Paid For." Philip went to the Himalayas, failed to climb Mount Everest, came back and earned temporary fame and a bit of money by pretending that he had succeeded, but

someone "blew the gaff," if I may use Milton's immortal phrase; so Philip retired from public life, like poor, dear Doctor Cook. And the play shows us that John Herrick, after he had become Home Secretary—I do not know how, but the modern dramatist is more generous than his Majesty in his distribution of honours—discovered all about Cynthia's preliminary canter, and that he was merely an "also ran," and also that he was not the father of the charming Elsie; and so we found ourselves present at a harrowing domestic drama. Cynthia had grown to love him tremendously, which is not surprising, seeing that Sir George played the part, and she was full of repentance: it was not pleasant to have to admit spending a grand, naughty week with such a creature as Philip, who told a lie and failed to stick to it, or rather, to get it to stick to him. Herrick for a long time was very stern and very sad, and quite determined upon a separation.

And the Consequences of the Result.

However, even a Home Secretary may have some sense, though I

gather that the present Opposition does not think so, and he happened to love Elsie, and also his wife, very much, and nobody knew the story except Philip, so he decided to be happy and forgive everybody. Then Philip turned up to claim his daughter. This, it may be admitted, was a bit thick: he had a bad reputation, a poor position and a small salary; and it is difficult to believe that even he could have thought that, when put to the choice, Elsie would desert her mother, and an amiable, rich, pretended father to go and live with a man whose only attraction was his failure to climb Mount Everest. When it came to the pinch, Philip did not tell the girl, and so John and Cynthia and Elsie are living happy ever after, or at least, till the end of the run of "Open Windows"—for it is not the kind of piece which makes you think that the people live afterwards. By-the-bye, "Broken Windows" would be a vastly better title for the play, but it might have suggested a Suffragette drama. Mr. Mason's piece, if not frightfully thrilling, is quite a workmanlike emotional drama, though, perhaps, regarded as a problem play, it belongs to the ring-and-run-away category. The audience seemed much impressed—thanks, no doubt, in a great measure to the performers. Yet Miss Irene Vanbrugh's part as Cynthia gave her no very great opportunities for exhibiting her power; she played it admirably. And Sir George was in the same position: I really think Mr. Mason might have given the pair of them an opportunity of letting themselves

LETTING THE CAT OUT OF THE BAG: MR. A. E. BENEDICT AS HENRI FOURNIER.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.



CATCHING THE CAT!
CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

go, and making the scenery shake: As it was, in John Herrick the popular actor was never really "extended." Mr. Sydney Valentine acted excellently as the gloomy Philip. One ought to mention an agreeable piece of acting by Mr. Vivian Reynolds, and the quietly humorous performance of Miss May Whitty. E. F. S. (MONOCLE).

BY OUR UNTAMED ARTIST: "OPEN WINDOWS."



POLITE VITUPERATION IN THE NEW A. E. W. MASON PLAY: MISS IRENE VANBRUGH AS CYNTHIA HERRICK AND SIR GEORGE ALEXANDER AS JOHN HERRICK, AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

Mr. A. E. W. Mason's new play, "Open Windows," was produced at the St. James's Theatre the other day.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF SOMERSET.

CONSPICUOUS in the somewhat sparse gathering of ladies at the late Opening of Parliament was the Duchess of Somerset, and the Duke himself stood large, by virtue of many inches, among the Peers. Their presence on such occasions is proverbial; they are the devoted supporters of the Upper House. Having tried life in a tent in Canada, and experimented with many phases of existence, they renew their support of the Lords at the beginning of every session. The Duchess's letter on the last scene at Westminster after the passing of the Parliament Bill makes one of the most vivid pages in the history of 1911. Of more recent legislation she has many equally vehement and persuasive things to say; but it is only the rare crisis that draws her ink. The Editor of the *Times* may look in vain for another communication from 35, Grosvenor Square, until the Lords are again assailed by a desperate Ministry.

The Duchesses and the Last Ditch. Like most good partisans, the Duchess

is a sort of convert; her cause is hers by adoption. The Duke was thirty-one when he married Miss Susan Mackinnon, the daughter of the late Mr. Charles Mackinnon. Twice, as it happens, had his ancestors suffered for seeking wives of too exalted station. The son of the first Duke married Catherine, sister of Lady Jane Grey, but the union being illegal on account of her royal descent, he and she were forthwith sent to the Tower, he to remain nine years, she to die there. The grandson of that nine-years prisoner wooed Lady Arabella Stuart, first cousin of James I., with the result that he was obliged to flee the country, and she, in her turn, died in the Tower. That fate does not threaten this generation, whose Duchesses, like the present Duchess of Somerset, are by a large majority the daughters of commoners. Five out of the eight Dukes who voted "No surrender" to Liberal reform were supported by wives without titles of their own.

Women of Rank—and File. The Duchess of Norfolk is baroness in her own right; the Duchess of Devonshire, a Marquess's daughter; the Duchess of Northumberland, a Duke's; and another lady of the same rank, an Earl's. The future, too, may deck Lord Lansborough's daughter with the full allowance of strawberry-leaves. On the other hand, there is the bevy of Americans—the Goelet, the Vanderbilt, and the Zimmerman strains—and, moreover, there is the Miss Harford who became the Duchess of Beaufort, the archdeacon's daughter who is Duchess of Bedford, the major's daughter who is Duchess of Newcastle, and the major's daughter, again, who became Duchess of Hamilton.



THE DUKE OF SOMERSET.

The Duke of Somerset, recently appointed President of the Olympic Association in the place of Lord Desborough, resigned, was born in July 1846. At the coronations of King Edward VII. and King George V. he bore the Orb.—[Photograph by Bassano.]

Especially in the case of the Mistress of Maiden Bradley was it the commoner's daughter who was the born Duchess.

Painter, Writer, Musician, Cook. A person of many occupations, she has lately, within a week, provided her friends with drawing-room music, and held a sale in aid of the

Invalid Kitchens of London. Neither the music nor the cooking is idly undertaken, for she is herself mistress both of piano and saucepan. In the wilds of Canada she cooked the daily dinner, without gas or a chafing-dish. Her book, "The Impressions of a Tenderfoot," is a classic in its own kind. The Duchess's interests do not end with the board or the key-board. She not only plays, but composes; not only cooks, but grows her vegetables, paints, writes, and has been a Poor Law Guardian to real purpose. She won the right of reading the newspapers for the inmates of her ward; and other small reforms prove her to have an eye for the details of a pauper's comfort. For the details of a Prince's she has often cared at Maiden Bradley.

At Maiden Bradley. Its back-gardens are the things she adores at Maiden Bradley, and she has made them its glory. She gardens in those gar-

dens even while she is in London, for she is a constant speculator at the fortnightly stalls in the Horticultural Hall. Her "nursery" is in the open. Who shall say that she could have accomplished half her good works had she also tended a nursery of another sort? But a fate has set its face against the real Seymour nurseries, and overturned its cradles. Since the first Duke, whose spacious career ended on the scaffold, eight of his successors have died without male issue.

Pillar for Pillow. Anak to his friends, on account of being as near a giant as would be convenient for any modern man, the Duke possesses great physical strength. And he has abided by the consequences; that is to say, hearkening to the cry of his muscles for exercise, he has gone into the fields and the forests, instead of relapsing into the only seats that really accommodate him, the arm-chairs of Pall Mall. He has hunted big game in all parts of the world, he went through the Red River Expedition, and has been a diligent hauler of ropes in the world of yachts. If now he is somewhat inclined to descend to the amenities of the Carlton and another favourite London club, it must be remembered that he will be sixty-seven before the end of July. He is approaching the period when he will make an ideal courtier, for he has an inherited devotion to the Throne, despite its hard dealings with many bearers of his name. Memories of the axe disturb him not at all. It is three hundred and sixty-one years since his ancestor was beheaded, under Edward VI. More recent Sovereigns have treated the Dukes of Somerset with greater clemency. The present Duke was the bearer of the Orb at the Coronations both of Edward VII. and of George V.



THE DUCHESS OF SOMERSET.

In 1877, the fifteenth Duke of Somerset married Susan Margaret, younger daughter of the late Charles Mackinnon.—[Photograph by Ketubah Collings.]

A CAPITAL PUNISHMENT! THE DIVINE SARAH AT A GAOL.



1. BEFORE THE PLAY BEGAN: CHRISTOFFERSON GIVING A HYDROPLANE DISPLAY.

3. AN INCIDENT THAT SURPRISED SARAH BERNHARDT: A CONVICT READING AN ADDRESS IN PERFECT FRENCH.

5. DRAMA AS A REFORMING INFLUENCE: BERNHARDT GIVES A PERFORMANCE OF "UNE NUIT DE NOËL," IN THE CALIFORNIAN STATE PRISON AT SAN QUENTIN.

2. BOND AND FREE: A MINGLED AUDIENCE OF CONVICTS AND FRIENDS OF THE WARDEN, MR. JOHN E. HOYLE, AND HIS WIFE.

4. EXPRESSING THE GRATITUDE OF THE CONVICTS: THE ADDRESS TO SARAH BERNHARDT.

6. THOUGH A CRIMINAL, HE HAS "MUSIC IN HIS SOUL": THE SAN QUENTIN PRISON BAND, LED BY A LIFE-TERMER.

As mentioned on our front page, where another photograph illustrating the subject appears, Sarah Bernhardt recently gave a performance before nineteen hundred convicts at the State Prison at San Quentin, California. Our correspondent writes: "The prison band, 27 in number, led by a life-terminer and gaily uniformed, welcomed Mme. Bernhardt . . . to the prison walls. A huge temporary stage had been erected by the prisoners in one corner of the recreation-yard. . . . When everything was in readiness for the curtain to be drawn, the orchestra broke into the soul-stirring strains of the 'Marseillaise'. . . . Never did Bernhardt play with more fire and energy. . . . The curtain dropped amid thunderous applause. . . . The curtain was again quickly withdrawn, and Mme. Bernhardt plainly showed her surprise at being addressed in perfect French by a tall, well-built prisoner. . . . Some fifty guests . . . mingled freely with the prisoners." Before the performance, the airman Christofferson flew over the prison and gave a hydroplane display.

CROWNS·CORONETS·COURTIERS

A PART from the Prince of Wales's German journey, there was nothing likely to disturb the family character of the royal Easter; but for most people the festival means a scattering to the four quarters of the pleasurable world—to Rome, Cannes,



ON THE RIVIERA: MRS. CROSFIELD, LORD LOVAT, MR. BALFOUR,
AND A PROFESSOR OF THE CANNES CLUB.

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.

Paris, Newmarket, anywhere that can be reached, and left, in a hurry before the beginning of the April season. Rome, naturally, offers strong attractions; and a crowd of English people prolonged their stay there till the end of the Easter celebrations. Lord and

Lady Granard were lately hovering among the Alpes Maritimes, uncertain whether their Easter duties should be performed at St. Peter's or nearer the scene of the multitude of other duties that will keep them in town for a great part of the spring.

The King's Grasp.

At Levee or Court the King makes friends by the hundred, but, apart from such functions,

expert, from an analyst to a lock-maker, carried away the recollection of his Majesty's alert grasp of the scientific arrangements for the reservoir—and of hands. The Court Circular's list of names filled over a column of the morning papers, and even then was incomplete Sir Alfred Mond and Mr. Emile Mond were in the group awaiting his Majesty at Chingford.

"F. E." and Winston.

Sailors, when they land, love a talk; and Admirals, who are mostly isolated almighty on their own flag-ships, get the habit of letting their tongues loose once they are back in the United Service Club-room. That is how Lord Charles Beresford got his garrulity, and nobody need feel very much annoyed if he goes on with it. He would not dine with a Liberal—not he! Well, as a great personage said of someone else making a similar boast, "I think that would depend on how hungry he might be!" Anyway, at the hospitable board at 1, Great Cumberland Place, Liberals do gather on occasion; and not one has yet been poisoned, as he should be, were Lord Charles as logical as his word. What Lord Charles had in mind, when he made the speech that turned all our tolerances topsy-turvy, was one particular case. It irks him, and he must out with it. Why should the First Lord and Freddy attack each other from the opposite benches, and then walk off arm-in-arm to dine and to sup, and to make fun of all the world and its fogies over their wine? The born fighter finds it a puzzle—that is all.

Beet for Sweet.

Lord Denbigh is a man of fixed purpose, and, as one of his friends has said of him, "he means to beet." Anyway, he has not yet been beaten in his attempt to organise in England the manufacture of sugar from home-grown beet. The county of Norfolk has given the lead: it has the premier sugar-production, as it has the premier Duke; and Lord Denbigh, in his study in John Street, Mayfair, pores over the pages of John Stuart Mill, to satisfy himself—and, if he can, the Chancellor of the Exchequer—that an infant industry may be treated with a certain indulgence without a violation of the principles of Free Trade.

A first infant is always interesting, but Lord Denbigh counts on a vast family. He is thorough as well as determined. Let us end foreign sugar in England, he cries, root and lump!



ENGAGED TO LADY DE CLIFFORD: MR. ARTHUR STOCK, OF GLENAPP CASTLE, BALLANTRAE.

Mr. Stock is a son of the late Mr. James Stock, for some while M.P. for the Walton Division of Liverpool, and is twenty-six.

Photograph by Lafayette.



STAGE AND AIRMANSHIP IN PARTNERSHIP: MISS MAXINE ELLIOTT AND MR. CLAUD GRAHAME-WHITE PLAYING LAWN-TENNIS ON THE RIVIERA.

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.

he can seldom have enlarged his circle to such an extent and at such a rate as he did in the East End. Mayors and managers, inspectors and engineers, a sprinkling of M.P.s, and every conceivable water



WALKING ON THE PROMENADE AT CANNES: LORD AND LADY KINNOULL WITH MR. AND MRS. HUGH BAGOT CHESTER.

It will be remembered that the marriage of Mr. Hugh A. Bagot Chester and Miss Clotilde Browne, eldest daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Arthur Browne, widow of the sixth son of the third Baron Kilmaine, took place in February last. The Earl of Kinnoull, who is the twelfth holder of the title, was born in 1855. In 1903 he married Florence Mary, daughter of the late Edward Tierney Gilchrist Darel.—[Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.]



ENGAGED TO MR. ARTHUR STOCK: LADY DE CLIFFORD.

Lady de Clifford will be remembered as the beautiful Miss Eva Carrington, of musical-comedy fame, and is the daughter of the late Mr. W. R. Chandler, who served under the late Colonel Burnaby. Her marriage to the fifth Baron de Clifford took place in 1906. She was widowed three years later by the death of her husband in a motor accident in Sussex.

Photograph by Bassano.

THE NEW A. E. W. MASON PLAY: "OPEN WINDOWS,"
AT THE ST. JAMES'S.



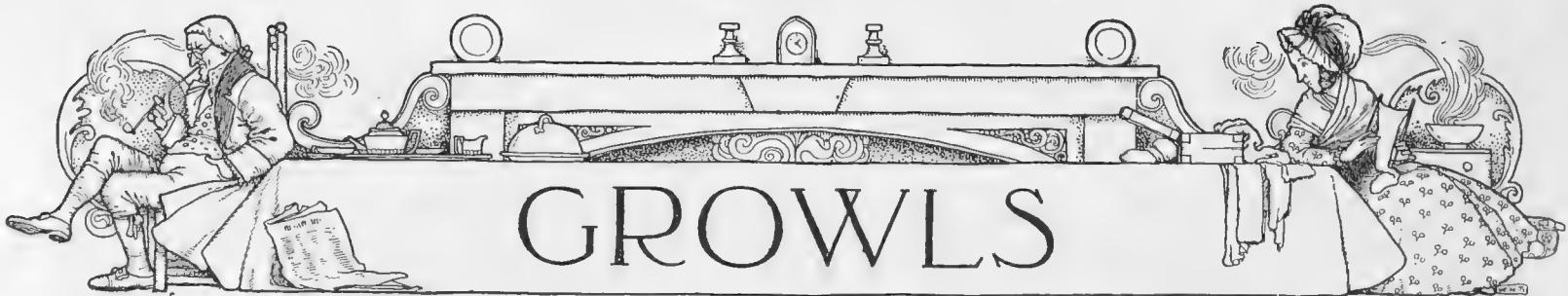
1. MR. REGINALD MALCOLM AS CAPTAIN CLUFFE AND MISS ROSALIE TOLLER AS ELSIE HERRICK.

3. SIR GEORGE ALEXANDER AS JOHN HERRICK.

2. MR. SYDNEY VALENTINE AS PHILIP BROOK.

4. MISS IRENE VANBRUGH AS CYNTHIA HERRICK AND SIR GEORGE ALEXANDER AS JOHN HERRICK.

Mr. Mason's play is built up largely round "Call no man great until you have seen him in adversity." The "open windows" of the title are the windows of the soul, which a man must keep open not only to other people's lives, but to the new facts which may touch his own life.

**THE CAPTAIN OF OUR FATE: A MONSTER IN HUMAN SHAPE.**

EVERY succeeding year makes me more certain in my own mind that somewhere or other at the back of things there is lurking a sinister and mysterious personage wielding a malign influence over our destinies. I do not know his name and I am unacquainted with his official designation, but I am convinced of his existence all the same. He it is who, out of the abysmal depths of his innate maliciousness, devises all sorts of pitfalls for us and decrees that we shall not escape from them. To him I attribute most of, if not all, the pinpricks of existence. To none other I ascribe the minor annoyances which beset our paths. And it is more especially at the holiday seasons of the year that he makes his diabolical inventiveness felt. With remorseless ingenuity he lays down hideous rules for our guidance, and it does not lie within the compass of our powers to say him nay. *Nolentes volentes* we are torn from the smooth and even tenour of our respective ways and sternly informed that it is expected of us that we shall make strenuous holiday. The ordinary lines on which we live and move and have our being are ruthlessly upset. There is a sudden and complete upheaval of our daily avocations. Work that is usually done on a Friday must be completed an uncomfortable number of hours beforehand. Chaos is in the air, and no one in his sane and sober senses will make the slightest attempt to avoid it. Lord Avebury may have been actuated by notions of the highest nobility when he succeeded in placing on the Statute Book an Act for the establishment of four Bank Holidays in the course of every year, but had he known how much suffering he was to lay on the shoulders of afflicted humanity in future generations he would have held his hand.

A Relentless Régime. I cannot conceive of any period equalling in varied but concentrated discomfort the different holiday seasons which have been vouchsafed to us by a benignantly intentioned Legislature.



"LOST" FOR 13 YEARS, AND RECENTLY SET UP IN PRETORIA: A STATUE OF PRESIDENT KRUGER. This statue was presented to the Transvaal just before the South African War. The pedestal was then set up in Church Square, Pretoria; but the statue itself did not arrive at Delagoa Bay until after the outbreak of hostilities. For thirteen years it remained in the goods-yard there. At the end of last year it was taken to Pretoria and set up on its pedestal, which was removed to Prince's Park soon after the declaration of peace. The statue is about sixteen feet high.

developments of modern civilisation, and pass our time in longing for the hour when our holiday shall be at an end, and we can settle down once more to the simple comforts of our average home lives. The weather has an unpleasant knack of taking sides against us, and of doing its level best to deprive us of any chance of stirring forth into the open air during the length of our enforced relaxation. From within over-populated smoking-rooms and lounges we watch the ceaseless pouring of the rain, gloomily wishing that we had been allowed to stay just as and just where we were, until the laws of Society grant that, shattered in spirit and soured at heart, we may cease from our jaunting and sink back with a sigh of relief into our normal pursuits. There is not a sign of any silver lining to the cloud that hangs over us, but still we go on, year after year, consenting to submit to the dictates of this malignant dispensation.

Worse Than Ever. And in this year of grace usual efforts have been made to ensure that nothing shall be wanting to make us miserable. The unknown arbiter of our destinies has ordained that Easter shall fall at an unconscionably early date, thereby increasing the possibilities of inclemency. Who it is that fixes these dates remains, as I have said, a mystery to me. There has for years been a feeble fiction concerning a certain Golden Letter, but nobody has ever been taken in by that. The arrangements are always made by somebody of loathsome prescience, who is able to foretell when the weather will be most unpropitious and most ill adapted for anything in the form of an outing. Wholly undeterred by the fact that by issuing this year's decree he has distressingly disorganised our English winter, he proclaims that it must be as he says. The birds of the air have been beguiled into nesting before the correct time, and the flowers of the field have been lured from the earth long ere they might reasonably have been

expected. But these things count as nothing to him who holds us in his iron grip. His official mission in life is our inconvenience, and he has omitted no precaution by which our pleasure may be damped and our good temper disintegrated. And so, as in the years that are gone, we shall solemnly pack up our traps and sally forth to do as we are told to do. We shall leave behind us, for the time being, all the things that make life livable, and go in search of that health and recreation which we are perfectly certain that we shall not find, while the black-hearted official who has engineered all our misfortunes will stay in his cosy and well-upholstered office and chuckle over all the wrongs he has wrought.

MOSTYN T. PIGOTT.



SET UP TO THE MEMORY OF A FAMOUS DANISH POET AND AUTHOR: THE MONUMENT OVER THE GRAVE OF HOLGER DRACHMANN.

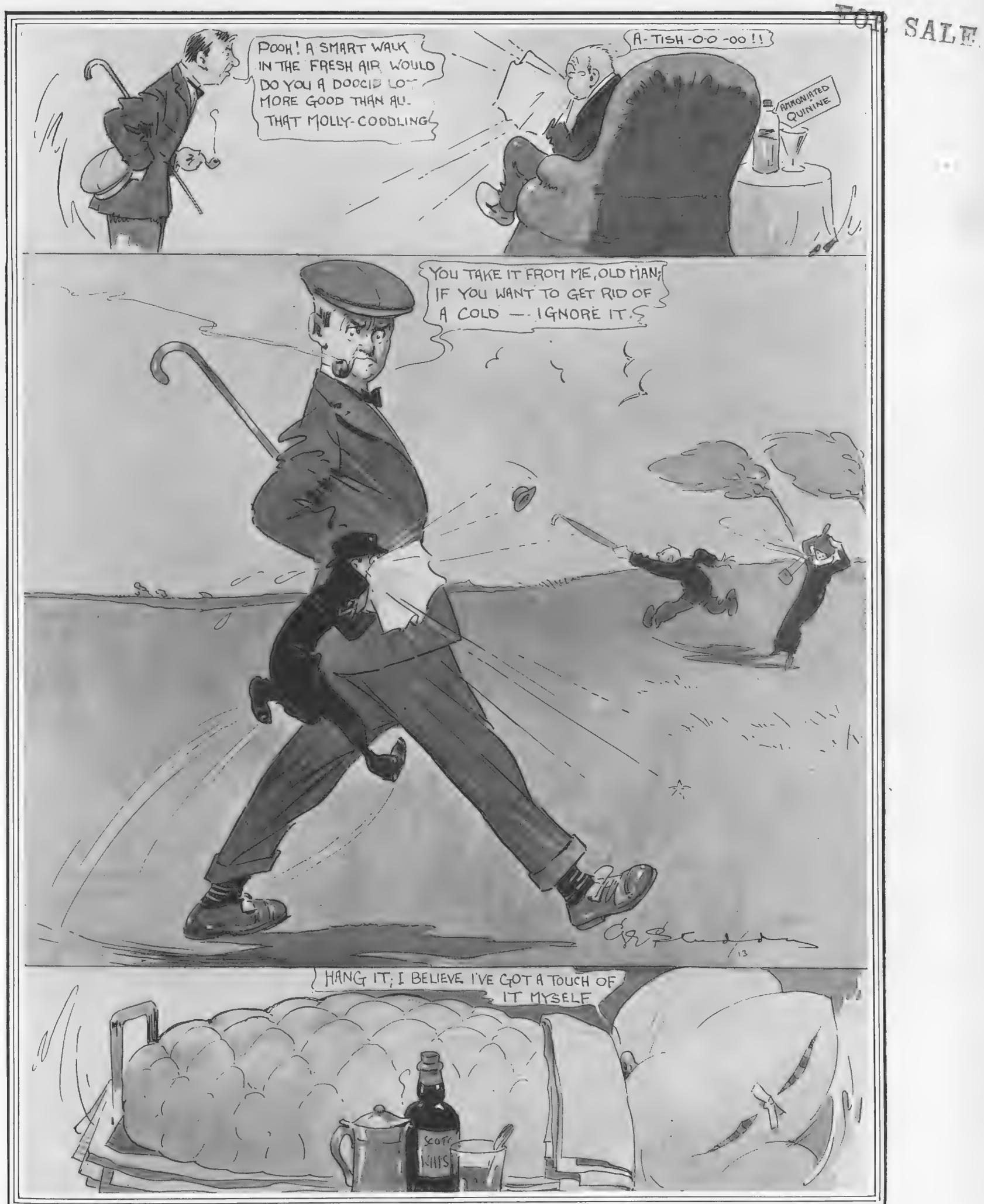
Drachmann, who was born at Copenhagen on Oct. 9, 1846, studied art in his native city from 1866 until 1870, and began his career as a painter of marine subjects. In 1872 he published a number of poems, and this volume was succeeded by a number of other works which have won fame. He died in 1908.—[Photograph by Kalkar.]



SHOWING THE SCULPTOR AT WORK ON HIS MOST FAMOUS GROUP OF STATUARY, "THE GLADIATORS": THE GÉRÔME MONUMENT.

The monument to Jean Léon Gérôme, the famous French painter and sculptor, which is in the Garden of the Infante, at the Louvre, is by Aimé Morot, son-in-law of Gérôme. The group "The Gladiators" was shown at the Exhibition of 1878. Gérôme was born at Vesoul on May 11, 1824, and was a pupil of Paul Delaroche.

PEOPLE TO WHOM WE HOPE WE ARE ALTOGETHER SUPERIOR!



VI.—THE MAN WHO PREACHES AND DOES NOT PRACTISE.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.



TO THE PLAY WITH PERCIVAL: "ESSENTIALLY FOR MARRIED WOMEN."

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

WHO was it first baptised Paris "the Gay City"? Was it you, Percival? For once, my dear friend, I don't agree with you. Paris is not gay; it is enervating—very enervating just now. Spring is blowing hot and cold, like some capricious friend that's very bad for us—but without whom we can't do! I went to the Bois yesterday, and the trees were so tenderly green that I wanted to weep—only the other people would not let me. They do not seem to understand that one's heart, like other necessities, such as ice, butter, and brilliantine, must either melt or harden: Neither will they understand that spring is a melancholy season, nor that a waltz is a rhythm most tormenting and sad. Perhaps they are blessed with extra skins! But in the evening I forgot that it was spring, and felt better. In fact, I spent a most jolly evening. Percival had asked me to go to the show with him at the Imperial Theatre. It was a first night, and, like all such, full of electricity. Do you know the Imperial? It is a tiny little playhouse, even smaller, I believe, than the Capucines. In Paris the smaller the theatre, the better the public, and the naughtier the plays! Percival and I were to meet at the theatre; the first to arrive was to go straight to the stall, sit down, and wait for the other. Percival was a little late; I was very late, and though he knows me well, he did not reckon I might be three-quarters of an hour behind time! So that the dear man, on arriving, tip-toed his way in the dark to the *fauteuil* where he assumed—with that eternal and touching trust peculiar to the male—that I was sitting. Then, seizing me playfully by the nape of the neck, he murmured in my ear: "Come on, Kin, let's go to the other side—you'll see better there."

"Sir," answered a loud masculine voice, tremulous with indignation—"Sir, learn that this lady is my mother, Sir; and here is my card, Sir!" It was not my neck and it was not my ear, it was not me at all. Percival had taken hold of (I had not yet arrived), but the aged mother of a big man with a beard and no sense of humour. Be not afraid, however—there will be no duel! I have told the story badly because I am still laughing at it, and when I laugh, I am like the alligator—or is it the gorilla?—that loses its wits when he is amused. I laughed almost as much at the plays as at the story. The show at the Imperial is a succession of several short plays, the first of which I missed, the last of which I did not listen to and thoroughly enjoyed, and all of which were all that is most unproper. I wish I had known how much so before! I would have gone just the same, of course, but I would have been less sorry not to have taken Germaine with us. They were very naughty plays indeed, plays essentially for married women, not

for *jeunes filles*, as Germaine agreed with me, when I related them to her after coming home.

Percival asked me: "Can you tell me, Martouchekin, why it takes longer for an English audience to smile than for a French one?"

"Because before smiling the London playgoer must first assure himself that his left-hand neighbour and his right-hand neighbour are not looking at him. Myself, dear Percival, I'd laugh much more readily at those very naughty, if funny, things, that are happening on the stage if I were sure you were looking at them only and all the time!"

I wish I could translate "Les Deux Risques," by MM. Claude Gével and Félix Gandéra, also the less subtle but very amusing playlet, "Un Bûcheur," by MM. Yves Mirande and Henri Géroule. I think I could, and I think London stage-managers, if they read those plays, would chuckle over them, but—never produce them! After all, I am not quite so sure that it was really the plays that amused me, for I had at my elbow a dear *camarade* who is "witty in two languages"—there, tit for tat, old man! You said that of me once, imprudently, at the risk of frightening away all my ball-room partners. . . .

I wish I could be in Paris when April is here, but Paris has a great drawback: in Paris one cannot work—at least, I cannot work therein. The principal reason is that I have got friends in Paris whom, as I see them seldom, I must see much of while I am here. I believe that people who can turn out sustained work are those who have the sad courage to turn away their friends from their door—in fact, those that care for no one, and for whom no one cares. Every morning I squat in front of the fire with determination to work, and my favourite pencil, and immediately there is a ring at the door, and I hear the voice of the girl who is paid to lie, answering: "No, Madame"—or "Monsieur" (as the case may be), "Madame is just gone out," and then I hear (I do not flatter myself, I assure you)—I hear a "*ho-o-o-o!*!" pro-

longed and sincerely regretful. How can I resist such a "*ho-o-o-o!*?" I jump up, run to the hall and shout "Here I am; don't believe her! Leave your sunshade"—or "your stick" (as the case may be) "and come in. Sit here"—or "over there" (as the case may be). "Have a chocolate éclair"—or "a whisky-and-soda" (as the case may be). "Take a Russian cigarette"—or "a cigar" (as the case may be) "and tell me all about him"—or—"Oh, don't let us talk. . . ." (as the case may be!).

Difficult to work in those conditions, eh! That's why I am leaving Paris in a few days. I'll go and shut myself up in my little pavilion overlooking your River Thames, and there sternly confront that wretched book that has to be finished by May 1.



PRACTISING THE MEASURE MOST FASHIONABLE IN FRANCE: PRINCESS MURAT AND M. ANDRÉ DE FOQUIÈRES DANCING THE TANGO.

Princess Murat, here seen in a Goya costume, is well known as a painter; while M. André de Fouquières is equally famous as a "conférencier" and as the writer of "L'Art de l'Élégance et de la Charité."

RIGHT ABOUT FACE!

FOR SALE.



HER MISTRESS (*discussing household matters with the new servant*): Oh, by the way, Sarah,
have you ever used curry-powder?

THE SERVANT: No, Mum; I always uses poudre-de-riz.



THE RESPECT-RETAINER FOR PARENTS: ANSWERS TO HOW? WHY DOES? AND WHAT IS? *

Questions ; and
Answers Fit and
Proper.

"Book" has come to your relief, with six hundred and ninety-nine pages of information and an ample index. In it are contained thousands of questions, just those embarrassing questions to which you usually say, "Don't bother now," or "Run away and play—there's a good boy." No longer will you find it necessary to cloak blind ignorance in the mist of paternal or maternal authority, for after the queries come the replies. Does the child ask: "Why should you stop when the car stops?" your reason is pat and to the point: "There is one part of you that must stop—that is, your feet, because they stand upon the floor of the car. And when a person's head goes on, while his feet stop, the consequences are unpleasant." You might have evolved that by yourself—with thought. But what of "Why cannot we see the air?" That would make you think! Turn to the book and learn: "One reason is that air is very thin and transparent; another reason is that we are surrounded by air, and cannot see what is so very near to us." Again: "Why is the rose red, the violet blue, and the lily white?" Reply: "The sunlight comes to the flower with its bundle of colours, which are all the colours of the rainbow, and the flower chooses in what colour it will be dressed, just as a fine lady does. But how is the choice made? This is the answer: The rose takes to itself all the colours except red, which it sends back again as a ray of reflected light. When we see this ray coming from the rose, we say the rose is red. In the same way the violet returns the blue part of white light; and the lily, in its self-sacrificing purity, keeps no special colour for itself, but sends back all the colours. So we see that the lily is white." And again: "Why are not both sides of a butterfly's wing gaily coloured, and why do butterflies fly zig-zag?" Saved once more: "Because, when it rests, a butterfly holds its wings upright, thus hiding the bright colours on the upper side, and only showing the under one. This is often like the leaf or flower on which it alights, and serves as a protection from birds and other enemies." Now for section two: "This is also for protective purposes, as by so doing a bird cannot easily catch it on the wing." That's the way to talk to the youngsters!

The Sneeze-
wood ; the Oyster's
Beard ; and Oil
on Water.

A large and valuable tree of Cape Colony is known as the sneeze-

Are you pursued by an infant with a constant thirst for knowledge? Are you confounded into utter weariness by How? Why? Where? Who? What? Be comforted; "The Parents'

wood-tree, as the dust which rises from it when it is being sawn, being of an irritating nature, causes sneezing. Its wood is of a yellowish colour, something like satin-wood, and though difficult to work, is very durable." Then there is the oyster's beard. That is easily explained: The oyster "has two pairs of gills which are called the beard. With these it not only sucks out the air from the water, but also sifts its food."

"Why is oil poured on a rough sea to make it calm?" There is a poser! The Book sees no great difficulty in it. "'Pouring oil on troubled waters' is a proverbial phrase that is founded on fact. When the oil is poured upon the sea it spreads out in a thin film over the surface of the waves, and then behaves like a stretched skin to keep them in bounds. Think of an indiarubber balloon that can be filled with air. When it is empty, its surface may be crumpled or easily pulled into any shape; but when it is blown up its surface is stretched tight, and remains quite smooth. So it is with the sea. The surface of the water itself is like a skin which is not very tight, and is easily stretched out of shape by stormy winds. But the oil, as it were, strengthens the skin to resist the wind; it therefore tends to calm the roughness of the sea."

Eye-Blinking ; Hollow Bones ; and Other Matters.

If you are asked "Why do we blink our eyes when we see

danger coming?" you say: "We do this instinctively to protect the eyes, and the movement is

so quick that we are rarely aware of the action. We close our eyelids by means of little muscles with which they are furnished. Word of the danger is flashed by means of the optic nerve to the brain, and the nerve flashes a command to the nerves connected with the muscles of the eyelids to close the eyelids, and this is immediately done." If the demand is: "When was cork first used for stoppering bottles?" the answer is: "Cork was not used for stoppering bottles until nearly the end of the seventeenth century."

The question may be: "Why are most of the birds' bones hollow?" The reply is: "To make the bird light, and to help keep it up in the air. As well as these hollow bones there are a number of little air-sacs, all over their body, inside the bones, and even under the skin." Sequel to this: "What is the good of these air-sacs?" "It helps the bird to fly both high and fast, for it can send the warm air from its lungs up through them, and this makes the body lighter." If you want to volunteer information, try this when you are next walking by the Powder Magazine: "Here is kept a great Government store of gunpowder. In this house alone over one million rounds of ball and blank ammunition is always ready for use." Parents, retain your children's respect! You can do it for three-and-sixpence!



IN FULL FLIGHT: A MONKEY JUMPING FROM TREE TO TREE.



SHOWING THE HAIR WHICH INDICATES ITS DESCENT FROM THE MAMMOTH.
A BABY ELEPHANT — BEING FED ON MILK.

The hairiness, shown by the baby elephant although not in evidence in the adult, indicates the beast's descent from the mammoth. This baby elephant at the "Zoo" is seen being fed on milk, which it draws from a pail by means of a rubber tube.

Photograph by Partridge.

* "The Parents' Book: a Book which Answers Children's Questions," By Rita Straus, assisted by a staff of Contributors. 750 Pages. Profusely Illustrated. (T. C. and E. C. Jack. 3s. 6d. net.)

DEADLY SARCASM.

FOR SALE



THE MOURNER (*giving the legal fare and seeking to gloss this over with a pleasant remark*): Nice grey horse you've got there, Cabby.

THE CABBY: Yus, guv'nor; an' I 'opes 'as 'ow when I next drives yer ter the cimitary it'll be wiv a black 'orse wiv a bloomin' long tail an' plumes.



A Novel in a Nutshell * THE CUP OF HAPPINESS.

By J. SACKVILLE MARTIN.

"WHY not be happy?" read Mr. Jonathan Diggins, scowling at the blatant advertisement. "Why not be happy?" He half-crumbled the paper in his hands. "I could tell the fool!" he growled. "With business as it is, and the weather and the missus, and three growing girls to bring up, and no sign of a husband for any of 'em, and the Liberals in office and the country going to the devil, it'd take more than his infernal Remedium to set me up—and, by George, I've more than half a mind to go and tell him so!"

He stared gloomily at the advertisement. It ran as follows—

THE CUP OF HAPPINESS.

Why not be happy? Is your business failing? Do you suffer from grumps, growls, megrims, snarls, or other indications of bad temper? Is your home a hell?—These ills can be cured. There is a way to banish care. Consult Professor Seneca Smiles, 361, Nelson Road, Upper Norwood, and obtain from him his infallible Remedium. A single dose of the "Cup of Happiness" causes the vapours to fly for ever. The soul sits on its sovereign seat and joy reigns unchallenged. Why not be happy?—now—to-day—at once? See the Professor. *He is waiting for you!*

"Hang it!" said Mr. Diggins, irritated beyond endurance by the buoyant optimism of the advertisement. "He shan't wait long. I'll call there on the way home and wring his neck."

He left the motor-bus indignantly. He had had a long and wear-ing day in the City, and the advertisement struck him as an insult. He turned into Nelson Road—a long thoroughfare lined by shops which gradually gave way to residential houses of a somewhat mil-dewed appearance. On the borderland between the commercial and residential areas, he found the place he was seeking—a small shop with a window covered by a green blind, and a door on which a brass plate set forth the Professor's name. The contrast between its un-assuming appearance and the flamboyancy of the advertisement puzzled him. It was scarcely the residence of a quack. With a somewhat quickened curiosity, he stepped inside.

He found himself in a small office, along one side of which ran a polished counter. Beyond three chairs, there was no other furniture. A few bottles stood on the shelf behind the counter. A door communicated with an inner room. The principal impression was one of bareness. He rapped sharply on the counter. Suddenly he was smitten violently upon the back. Where the individual who had thus assailed him had come from he could not tell, though he pre-sumed it must have been through the inner door. He turned indignantly to confront a tall, thin man with melancholy eyes, but with a face screwed up to hilarious laughter, who clapped him on the back once more with increasing violence.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the man. "Ha, ha, ha! I know what you've come for. I know what *you* want!"

"I doubt it, Sir," said Mr. Diggins, spluttering wrathfully; "I very much doubt it. I am come to denounce you—to expose you as a swindler! I am come to ask the meaning of the preposterous advertisement emanating from this address which caught my eye this evening on the way from business."

"Nothing preposterous about it, my dear Sir," answered the Professor, raising his hand to smite once more. Mr. Diggins evaded the attempt by shifting his ground. "Nothing preposterous about it," repeated the Professor, lowering his hand with a slightly disappointed air. "I sell happiness. So why not buy some?"

"Why be miserable?" he went on. "Why go home and grumble at your wife? Why snarl at your daughters? I can see that you are a man of a choleric temper. With one bottle of my Elixir—my Cup of Happiness, as I call it—you shed your snarling, you cast off your choleric, you enter upon a new existence—and all through the virtues of this."

He produced a cut-glass phial from a drawer, containing about two ounces of a dark greenish mixture, and held it out to Mr. Diggins.

"Look at me!" he said. "Am I hearty? Am I joyful? Am I jocund and gay? Do I clap people on the back? Why, of course I do. You wouldn't think now that for years I was a martyr to indigestion. But I was. Then I discovered this, and indigestion became of minor importance. I suffer from it still, but it does not trouble me. I ignore it. Invaluable draught! Elixir of Happiness! And to think that I sell it to you at a sovereign a phial! Well, well—the work is its own reward."

"Sir," said Mr. Diggins, "if you were in my place, with a wife and three growing girls to keep, with the weather what it has been, and business as it is, and the Liberals in office, and everything going to the devil—well, you'd know better than to insult a stranger in the way you are doing."

"No insult at all," said the Professor, laughing joyfully. "This potent liquid acts upon the brain. You are aware that the brain

consists of millions of small cells, each with its separate function. Some control the movements of the arms, some of the legs, some of the face. Some have to do with the sense of sight, some of hearing, others of feeling, smelling, tasting. Some are concerned with the reception of impressions—happy or unhappy, pleasant or otherwise. Now this marvellous liquid penetrates to the innermost recesses of that organ, being carried thereto by the blood through the Circle of Willis; and selects for its action those cells concerned with happiness and unhappiness—stimulating the former, paralysing the latter. Its action is strictly physiological, though at present beyond the limited comprehension of the Faculty. I alone possess the secret of its manufacture. Its action is a lasting one. For one sovereign, I offer you a life's happiness."

Mr. Diggins stared at him. The Professor's assurance was infectious. He stretched out his hand for the phial. "It isn't alcohol?" he asked.

"There is a little alcohol in it," admitted the Professor; "but only as a solvent for the rare herbs of which I have compounded it. Try it and see. Your money returned if it is not immediately efficacious."

Slowly, unwillingly, Mr. Diggins drew forth a sovereign.

"I'm afraid it's a mere piece of charlatanism," he remarked with a countenance of frozen gloom. "But I think I'll try it. If it doesn't act, I'll prosecute you for obtaining money on false pretences."

He drained the flask. Almost immediately he was conscious of a wonderful sense of lightness. He became dizzy. Then the dizziness cleared off, and with it went the day's load of cares. His spirits soared. He felt an intense desire to laugh. "Ha, ha!" he shouted, throwing back his head. "It's marvellous! Ha, ha! I'm so happy! Ha, ha, ha!" In the intensity of his joy, he punched the Professor in the ribs.

"Ha, ha!" echoed the Professor. "I told you so, didn't I? Ha, ha, ha!" He smote Mr. Diggins on the face with his open hand, and the two, in pure lightness of heart, did a knockabout turn round the office. When Mr. Diggins had had enough, he rose from the floor, dusty but smiling. He picked up his hat, brushed it the wrong way with his sleeve, clapped it on his head, and danced out of the shop. All down the road he danced whilst less happy folk turned to stare after him. He danced into a motor-bus, danced out of it, and danced up the steps of his own front door. He danced across the hall and into the drawing-room, where his wife, a stout and elderly woman, sat in tears on the sofa.

"Oh, Jonathan," she cried, "I'm so glad you've come. I've had a terrible day of it. But whatever have you been doing to yourself?"

"Nothing, Maria—nothing of any consequence," answered Jonathan buoyantly, casting a careless glance upon his dusty garments. "But what about this terrible day? What about it, eh? It can't be so very terrible, now can it?"

"Can't it!" said his wife indignantly. "You wait until you hear. First of all, the plumber has sent his bill—and it's twenty-nine pounds, sixteen-and-fourpence. Twenty-nine pounds, sixteen-and-fourpence! Think of it!"

"The dog!" said Mr. Diggins joyfully. "Isn't that just what I expected of him? The dog!"

His wife stared.

"Well, if you expected it, I didn't," she said tartly. "And perhaps you'll say you expected this as well. I caught Edie in the garden, kissing a young man—behind the laurel-bushes—the young man who is the cashier at the big grocery stores round the corner. Of course, I gave them a piece of my mind. And I've sent Edie up to her room. She's there now. So perhaps you'll say you expected that as well?"

Mr. Diggins exploded in spasms of laughter.

"Why, of course, Maria," he said—"of course I expected it. Why it's natural. Edie's nearly nineteen, and, of course, she wants to kiss someone; and, of course, someone wants to kiss her. And why shouldn't they? It makes her happy, and it makes him happy, too. And hang it, Maria, you did the same at your age. Now, didn't you?"

"Jonathan," said his wife freezingly, "if you haven't been drinking, I don't know how to account for your unseemly levity. If you have, you might have the decency to try to conceal it. I'm sure when I was Edie's age I never kissed anyone—except you. And then we were engaged to be married."

"Well, let's hope that they're engaged to be married," answered Mr. Diggins. "Let's hope they are. It'll be one of them off my hands."

[Continued overleaf]

EASTER AT BEACHY HEAD: HEROISM OF A YOUNG LADY.



ANGELINA (*sighting the Boulogne boat*): Hold on, Algernon! Hold on for two short hours and we are saved!

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

"Hope they're engaged to be married!" echoed his wife. "Edie!—and a—a grocer's boy!"

"He isn't a grocer's boy, he's a cashier," answered Mr. Diggins. "But even if he were, what's the odds? What's the odds as long as they're happy? What's the odds as long as I'm happy?—and as long as you're happy, my love? Why shouldn't we all be happy? Eh, why not?" He punched his wife in the ribs.

His wife gasped, partly through indignation, partly through the violence of the blow.

"I must say, Jonathan," she said severely, "that I expected you to see this in a proper light. I expected you to go upstairs and to point out to Edie what you thought of her conduct."

"Good idea, my love!" said Jonathan. "I'll go now."

"You will not," answered Mrs. Diggins; "you are in no fit state to do so. When you have come to yourself you can do it, if you wish. And I'll ask you to talk to Florrie and Lucy, as well. They are inclined to be disrespectful about it. They may be contemplating similar actions—with the butcher and the sweep, I shouldn't wonder. I want you to put your foot down."

"My dear!" said Jonathan with a fresh spasm of laughter. "They couldn't do better. Why, we should be able to get the chimneys swept for nothing, and a bit of meat now and then at the same price. Capital! Capital!"

Before his wife could express her indignation, the two girls in question came into the room. Both appeared a trifle subdued and nervous. Jonathan hastened to set them at their ease.

"My dear children," he said, "your mother tells me that you are engaged to the butcher and the sweep. I don't know which of you favours the butcher, but whichever it is, I expect you to ask him to let us have our meat at cost price."

"Papa!" cried both the damsels indignantly, "it isn't the butcher and it isn't the sweep!"

"Well, what's the odds as long as you're happy?" answered Jonathan. "Let's all be happy. I'll just go upstairs and talk to Edie."

Regardless of his wife's further attempt to detain him, he skipped upstairs three at a time, leaving her the difficult task of explaining his conduct. He entered his youngest daughter's room, to find her sitting sullen and mutinous on the bed. He smiled upon her pleasantly.

"Aha! Aha!" he said, "what's this that mother's been telling me about you, puss? Kissing the grocer's boy in the garden! Well, well, girls will be girls! What's the odds as long as you're happy?"

"It's too bad of mother!" exclaimed the girl, standing up. "How can she say that it was the grocer's boy? It was Mr. Simms, the cashier—the *head* cashier. And he's working hard, and he's to be taken in as a partner, and he loves me and he's going to marry me when he's in a position to afford a home. So you may shut me up in my room for weeks and I shan't care."

And very pretty and defiant she looked as she said it. But Jonathan had no thought of blame.

"A capital idea!" he said. "Capital! I wish I'd been a cashier. It must be a happy life—handling money all day long. And as for shutting you up, why, I couldn't think of such a thing. Come straight downstairs, and after dinner I'll take you all up to town to a theatre. Bless my soul, it's ages since I've been to a theatre. And as for marrying him—why, of course, my little girl shall marry whom she pleases. And her dear old father will be happy in her happiness. You just see if he won't."

And in a moment the girl was in his arms, laughing and crying hysterically. And Jonathan had a moment's happiness so intense that he doubted whether it was altogether due to the potion. "It may be," he muttered; "but if so, I never had a better sovereign's worth. No, never!"

Once downstairs, he put the project of the theatre-party to the family, and his wife, finding herself in a minority of one, yielded. She did indeed point out that he could not afford it, but he countered by admitting it and explaining that that was why he was doing it. "It's a faint heart," he said, "that is deterred from happiness by considerations of expense. Hang the expense! Let's be jolly!"

And very jolly he was—almost too jolly. Never had he seen such a play. Never had he heard such funny comedians. His daughter drew the attention of the house to such a degree that a uniformed attendant came to expostulate. He poked this official in the ribs and informed him that he had come to enjoy himself, and meant to enjoy himself. On the whole, even his daughters were relieved when the performance was over and they reached home. Jonathan went cheerfully to bed. But the other members of the family discussed the situation in low tones, their differences forgotten in an uneasy sense of disaster.

At breakfast on the following morning he became uproarious over the paper. A Parliamentary debate afforded him food for amusement, and the proposals of the Government struck him as conceived in the wildest spirit of farce. In due course he went down to the office, and kept his fellow-clerks so fully entertained with humorous stories that their work was almost entirely neglected. In the afternoon, the two partners of the firm called him into their private room and told him that his behaviour would be overlooked on this occasion, owing to a record of long and faithful service, but that if it happened again he would be discharged. This struck him as exquisitely humorous, and he dug the senior partner in the ribs and told

him that he could forgive anything to a man with red whiskers and a white waistcoat, and that, personally, he didn't care if he was discharged, for the whole world was full of happiness, and he had only to go outside the door to find more. The senior partner, who was touchy about his whiskers, was for rescinding the decision and dismissing him on the spot. But the junior, a kindly young man with a certain amount of insight, dissuaded him and told Jonathan to go home and to consult a doctor.

Jonathan went home. He had fully intended to see a doctor—not for the sake of his advice, but because he thought it would be rather a lark. But a short distance from the house he met Edie and a pimply young man attired in an ill-fitting cut-away coat and a very stiff collar, who bowed anxiously and with an obvious desire to please. Jonathan put him at his ease at once by digging him violently in the ribs, calling him a sly dog, and telling him to take care of "his little girl." "She'll want it," he explained, "for—it's no end of a lark!—but I nearly got the sack to-day. And I'm convinced I shall get it by the end of the week. So she'll be glad to have someone to look after her. But let's be joyful. There may be some crumbs in the larder—and what's the odds as long as you're happy?"

Whereupon the young man grinned in rather a ghastly fashion. Then he went home and read a pseudo-scientific article of a Eugenic description in the halfpenny Press and wrote a letter to the effect that his duties towards the race precluded him from going further in the matter of his engagement. Jonathan regarded this as a prime joke. Not so Edie! Her pretty eyes filled with tears and she said in a choking voice that she didn't care, that she really hated the young man, that she never so much as thought of marrying him, and then she ran upstairs to have her cry out in the solitude of her room.

Jonathan's forecast was correct; he was discharged from his situation as the result of a piece of playfulness. A man may have red whiskers and may yet object to having them pulled. Jonathan returned to his home and pointed out to his wife that nothing better could have happened, as he would now have plenty of time to attend to the garden. His wife's dismal rejoinder that he would soon have no garden to look after struck him as being the funniest thing he had heard for months.

Mrs. Diggins regarded the situation as desperate, and took strong measures. On the following afternoon the family doctor attended, accompanied by a fellow-practitioner. Both were very correct in their behaviour, very courteous, very precise. Jonathan received them in the drawing-room.

"There are a lot of funny things in this world," he remarked cheerfully; "but the funniest things I know are you doctors. Ha, ha! Going about the world so solemnly and looking as though you knew such a lot! Ha, ha! Humbugs!"

The family doctor tapped his forehead and glanced at his colleague.

"I fear there is no doubt about the diagnosis," he said.

"None at all," assented the other, who appeared a trifle ruffled. "I'll sign his certificate with pleasure. After that, the sooner he's off to the asylum, the better."

"For the asylum?" said Jonathan, staring. He paused. "Really," he said, "it's very funny, but may I ask if you gentlemen consider me a lunatic?"

"Well—er—" said the family doctor.

"Er—" assented his colleague.

"Because—because I'm happy?" queried Jonathan.

"That is certainly the worst symptom," said both doctors in a breath.

"I see," said Jonathan, still slowly. "I am bound to admit that since I found the Professor—I mean, happiness—my wife and daughters have seemed to me to be distressed. I know of no reason why they should be, but the fact remains. However much it costs me, I must sacrifice myself. A way out may be found. Call again to-morrow, gentlemen, before finally making up your opinion."

He bowed them out, and ten minutes later was on his way to Nelson Road. Since it must be, the Professor should undo his work. He found the shop and entered. To his dismay, it was empty. Chairs, bottles, the Professor—all were gone; and he stood aghast, confronted with the tragedy of a life of happiness. Only the desk remained, and he hunted through it desperately. At length his search was rewarded. In a drawer, he discovered a bottle filled with a white fluid and labelled "Antidote: to be taken when happiness becomes unbearable." He stood a moment, thinking of his wife and children, and swallowed it. "It has worked," he said a minute later, with a countenance of frozen gloom.

He reached his home and entered the drawing-room to find his family assembled round the tea-table. He stared at them grumpily.

"Maria," he said, "what with the weather and business the way it is, and three growing girls to bring up, and no sign of a husband for any of them, and the Liberals in office, and everything going to the devil, I'm hanged if I can see anything to laugh at."

His wife arose with a cry and flung her arms about his neck.

"Oh, Jonathan!" she cried, "thank goodness, you're yourself again!" And the girls clustered about him with cries of relief.

"Papa!" they cried, "please—please say some more!"

He sat down gloomily to a cup of tea. They were too delighted to attempt to cheer him.



ON THE LINKS

EASTER JOYS AND EASTER ORDEALS: WHAT TO DO AND WHERE TO GO.

The Easter Feast of Golf. We are just going forward to what ought to be, and really is, the best short golfing holiday of the whole year—the best, that is, when the

weather is kind, as we fervently pray it may be, especially those of us who have memories keen enough for the remembrance of some of the horrors we experienced at Easter last year; I, for one, being then near blown to bits at Brancaster, where the gale lifted the sand from out of the bunkers and spread it inches deep all over the course. We will optimistically assume that the weather will be good, and that the courses will be good likewise. Then we shall probably return on Tuesday feeling that we have enjoyed ourselves thoroughly, and that we are glad we are golfers. At Easter we get away from our winter discontent and partial idleness; we are back to the full game again; the new season has started and all the attractive problems of the play, and all the happiness and joys of it are ahead. But I sometimes wonder whether these Easter golfing holidays, with all their pleasure and success, might not be made much better than they are. I do not now consider the sad situation of the man who has been neglecting his game all through the winter, has been sitting up late at nights, doing himself most excellently in a variety of ways, and generally putting himself out of golfing joint. He is now confronted with the facts that Easter has practically come, that he must join the party of golfing friends that has been made up for a long time, that for the present he has no golf in him; and that he is in a mortal funk of making a big donkey of himself. He finds very little consolation in that old soother that a rest is good for one's game; he knows there is not much truth in it; he feels he is in for a trying ordeal. In his frenzy he is now, perhaps, doing all manner of exercises and going through many forms of practice. If he started early enough, say a week ago, these will do him good; within limits, I believe in them. That exercise, taught us first by one of the best golfing authorities, and since then so well and often recommended, in which the poor patient lies full length and stiffly, face downwards, on the floor and raises his body upon his hands and toes by the straightening of his arms, is one of the finest things in the world for loosening the golfing muscles; and if this is supplemented by plenty of sharp club-wagging, much good may be done in a

Choice of the Course.

Easter campaign is very often badly done, especially by those of immature experience. It is not a good thing, if it can be avoided, to

choose a very popular course, because it is sure to be crowded, and players will be obliged to make their way round it slowly and tediously, may have very long waits to do on the first tee in the morning, and may sometimes even be cut down to one round a day. Again, it is a mistake for a player who is not skilful in the game to choose the most difficult courses for the scene of his operations, however anxious he may be to see what kind of golf it is that the champions have to play when they are in pursuit of their championships. The golf on the old course at St. Andrews is the most magnificent imaginable, but there are any number of little nine-hole courses in the country on which the twenty-handicap man would enjoy himself far more, and do his game more good.

Mild Air and Country Beauty.

Further, in this matter of selection of courses, I think it is wrong to assume, as is so often done, that the bracing places are so much better for one's golf and health and everything else than the others which are not so bracing, and may even be relaxing. In recent weeks I have been flitting about from one course to another on the Continent, and made the unexpected

discovery that, though rounds a day at the relaxing places, I invariably played my first round far better than at the other sort of place; and after much thought and investigation I came to the conclusion that this was due largely to the quietening, soothing effect that the mild places had on one's nerves—this being all-important in golf—and to the further fact that most human beings naturally sleep better at such places. This matter is worth thinking about; and another point is that country places at certain times of the year are infinitely pleasant to golf at, and have charms that the seaside cannot match. I feel myself that the season of budding leaves and of primroses is one of those periods. I would at any time much prefer a good inland course to a poor seaside one, for the imitation seaside links generally make about the poorest golf imaginable; while, on the other hand, I know some country courses, more especially those high up on hills, that I like as well as anything in the whole golfing world.

HENRY LEACH.



WRIST WORK: POSITIONS OF THE HANDS AND WRISTS AT THE FINISH OF THE STROKE.

"Observe the tight grip of the *left* hand, with the *left* wrist well bent back. This illustration also clearly shows the positions of the fingers of the *right* hand in the overlapping grip." The photographs are from "Golf Practice for Players of Limited Leisure," by Henry Hughes, author of "Golf for the Late Beginner." The new work should be as useful as the old, which is saying much. It is published by Messrs. Thomas Murby & Co., 6, Bouvierie Street, E.C.



FOOT AND LEG WORK: POSITION OF THE FEET AND LEGS AT THE TOP OF THE STROKE.

"Observe the firm position of the *right* leg and foot, the bend of the *left* leg, the *left* foot, with raised heel, turned over on inner edge of sole, with firm grip of the ground."

From "Golf Practice for Players of Limited Leisure," by Henry Hughes.

very short space of time. If nothing else is done the man is given some hope and confidence, and it is that which makes the little ball soar over the big bunkers and pops it into the hole on the putting-green as much as anything else.



FOOT AND LEG WORK: POSITIONS OF THE FEET AND LEGS AT THE FINISH OF THE STROKE.

"Observe the firm position of the *left* leg and foot, the bend of the *right* leg, the *right* foot, with raised heel, turned over on inner edge of sole, with firm grip of the ground."

From "Golf Practice for Players of Limited Leisure," by Henry Hughes.



A TRIO OF SKETCHES—FROM GAY TO GRAVE.

ON somewhat ambitious lines, Lew Lake has produced at the Palladium a new farcical sketch entitled "The Rib-nosed Baboon." It is an unusual kind of entertainment, and is for that reason highly commendable. One hundred and fifty performers are employed in its presentation. We are to believe that the baboon is afflicted with homicidal mania, and is ravaging the land of Marmaladia, a country on the Indian coast. The Maharajah therefore offers a great reward to him who will slay the monster. Immediately three Cockney comedians named Nobbler, Jerry, and Abe appear on the scene, and in the absence of his pals Nobbler succeeds in getting the better of the baboon by the subtle device of throwing snuff in its face. He then cuts off its head, puts it into a bag, and goes off to claim the reward. In the second scene he is indiscreet enough to fall asleep, and his disloyal comrades steal the precious head and decamp. In the next scene we find them gaining admission to the palace, closely followed by Nobbler, who is in hot pur-

mirth by it, I am bound to say that it made the house laugh loud and long.

A Sketch with a Moral.

There has been most successfully produced at the Coliseum a one-act piece by Mr. H. Hamilton Fyfe entitled "The Borstal Boy." We find Mr. and Mrs. Albert Mineral in their home, where the wife labours from early morn to dewy eve at the occupation of washing in order to maintain a husband who is seized with violent spasms whenever the objectionable word "work" is mentioned to him. He is a typical loafer, who is not above beating the wife of his bosom whenever there are not forthcoming three solid meals per diem and the money for a frequent half-pint. During one of his excursions to a neighbouring hostelry there returns to the establishment Charlie, Mrs. Mineral's brother, who, in consequence of some peccadillo, has been subjected to fifteen months of the Borstal system. He is full of life and high spirits, is well dressed, has three half-crowns in his pocket, and a bricklayer's job at his disposal. Shocked to hear of the shortcomings of his brother-in-law, he determines to teach him a lesson. He has muscles on him like Sandow's, and on Albert's return greets him with a grip of the hand which makes that inert individual writhe, and it does not take long to convince Albert that it will be better for him in future to earn an honest living. The piece affords Miss Nancy Price an opportunity for an excellent piece of acting. Until the moment of her brother's return she is content to remain the down-trodden drudge; but so soon as she feels his iron muscles, and realises that she has a protector, her whole attitude changes. She taunts her husband's weakness and makes mock of his uselessness,

and here Miss Price, who has dealt with her appearance in the most uncompromising fashion, rises to fine heights of comedy. She receives every assistance from Mr. John McNally as the wastrel husband, and from Mr. Reginald Davis as the Borstal boy with the bulging biceps. The sketch is capitally conceived and thoroughly well played.



WHEN THE SCHOOL IS ON FIRE: MR. DION BOUCICAULT AS THE HON. VERE QUECKETT, AND MISS WINIFRED EMERY AS MISS DYOTT, IN "THE SCHOOLMISTRESS," AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

suit. We are then introduced into the palace, where Nautch girls dance before the Maharajah until they are interrupted by the entrance of Abe and Jerry, who produce the head and claim the reward. The wily potentate, however, is not so easily to be taken in, and determines to test their bravery. Amongst other tests, each has in turn to tackle another simian monster, and each is in turn found wanting, and is incarcerated in the creature's cage. Nobbler then enters, and is treated in similar fashion by the monarch; but he again employs his snuff tactics, and emerges triumphant from



AS THE MANAGING MISS HESSLE RIGGE: MISS HILDA TREVELYAN AS PEGGY, THE ARTICLED PUPIL, IN "THE SCHOOLMISTRESS," AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.



IN THE NATURAL-LIFE STAGE: MISS MARIE TEMPEST AS LADY WETHERAL (WITH MR. W. GRAHAM BROWNE AS SIR ARTHUR WETHERAL) IN "THE HANDFUL," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

the contest, and the curtain falls on the Court of the Maharajah sneezing unanimously. The piece is played with considerable spirit and broad humour by Lew Lake and his company, and while I confess that I myself was not moved to much

The Victoriousness
of Crime.

The triumphant burglar still remains an extremely popular person in the halls, and the Tivoli is rejoicing in the acquisition of a variant reading. In the case of "Stolen Fruit," a dramatic comedietta by Cyril Twyford, Miss Hilda Moore appears as a burglaress. The Honourable Mrs. George Wilson pays a midnight visit to the studio of one Bertie Lloyd, who, being an artist, is in a position to shower upon her rich jewellery, including a diamond tiara. Mrs. Lloyd is supposed to be temporarily in Brighton, but when Lloyd is conveniently "off" a lady appears, and the Honourable Mrs. George Wilson is trapped and terrorised. She hands over to the new-comer all her impedimenta—tiara, compromising letter, and all—and departs crestfallen. Then enters Mr. Lloyd, and it turns out that the victorious arrival is not his wife after all, but a thief. She proceeds to blackmail him with considerable aplomb, annexes two other tiaras which he has "on appro.," and, pointing a pistol at his head, extracts from him a cheque for five hundred pounds and departs triumphant. The little piece goes extremely well. Miss Hilda Moore plays the part of the lady burglar with easy distinction and much humour. She is well supported by Mr. Ernest Thesiger and Miss Sybil de Bray; and a music-hall audience is always on the side of a burglar with a sense of humour.

ROVER.



THE WHEEL AND THE WING

LIGHTING PROBLEMS: VICTOR TYRES: GERMAN APRIL FOLLY: EVEN A WORM WILL—BE TESTED.

Anti-Dazzling Research.

It is said that, at the instigation of Mr. Burns, a series of experiments is to be conducted at the National Physical Laboratory, with a view to obtaining data on which to base the promised regulations prohibiting the use of dazzling lights on motor-cars. Laboratory experiments are all very well, but they seldom pan out successfully in practice, and it is better to bear the dazzling wot of than to fly to something else which will reduce the safety of the motorist and the public when driving at night. It is to be hoped that a Minister so remarkable for the gift of sound common-sense as Mr. Burns will make these laboratory findings subservient to practical trials on the road, and will turn down any devices that detract from the safety-assuring far-reaching definition of the best lighting systems now used, be the new ones of never so anti-dazzling a character. I do not know whether Mr. Burns drives a car himself, or what Battersea would say if he did, but if he does, I would suggest that he make experiments himself before proceeding to legislation.

The Club to Test In view of Lighting Systems.

In view of the large number of car electric-lighting installations that are now upon the market, and the uncertainty which must reign in the minds of prospective purchasers, it is good to learn that the Royal Automobile Club contemplates a trial of these devices. More especially is the case urgent from the point of view of the owner-driver, who, though he may know and understand his car-mechanism from A. to Z., yet is seldom well equipped from an electrical-engineering point of view to make good if anything go seriously wrong with the electric-light installation on his car. If any of the adjuncts to an automobile requires to be dead certain and fool-proof it is an electric-lighting plant, for in the event of the failure of such, unless all the lamps on a car so fitted can be easily turned over to acetylene and oil, the last state of the car-owner will be worse than the first. The car must not be moved a yard under its own power, and if towing facilities are not available, the car must remain where it is until daylight comes again. On the other hand, and with a view to reassuring those who contemplate the fitting of good systems, failures are seldom, if ever, chronicled.

Asking Too Much. Apropos of the Victor Tyre Trial, which has been argued and discussed in the columns of the motor Press until every reader of an automobile journal must begin to hate the very sight of the word, the yellow-covered *Auto* makes a particularly naïve suggestion. In face of the fact that the trial has now been carried to a successful conclusion, and that no sort of doubt is cast upon its *bona fides* from start to finish, *Auto* suggests

that "the Victor people should now approach the Club with a view to the holding of an official trial of some sort." This is equivalent to the best Christian teaching, but I very much doubt that Mr. Yarworth Jones will see eye to eye with the St. Martin's Lane journal. From the much-paraphrased trial the Victor tyre has obtained much bold advertisement, and as it is just on the cards that in a second tyre trial, wherein the element of luck must count, the Victor tyre might not do as well as it has done, Mr. Yarworth Jones, good sportsman though he be, would be—well, a little rash to run the risk.

A First of April Truly the Joke.

Germans are a progressive folk—so progressive that some day or other they may find they have made haste too hastily. The Chief of the Berlin Police has issued an order that all horsed landaus plying for hire in the streets of the beautiful city on the Spree must be withdrawn from circulation by April 1. One feels that the association of so sudden and sweeping a pronouncement with the date mentioned must mean that, when the appointed time arrives, the Herr

Oberpolicemanmaster will tap his nose with his forefinger and point waggishly at the calendar. In view of the prolonged taxi-cab strike, Londoners will feel thankful that they are not as the Berliners are, for most of us issuing late at night from terminus or theatre have been thankful indeed for the dug-up four-wheeler or hansom.

The Battle of Worms.

To supplement history it would seem that we are shortly to have a Battle of Worms—not a conflict in and about the dignified ancient city of that name, or fierce strife amongst the useful creatures to which Darwin gave so much attention, but just a trial of efficiency between worms as motorists understand them, and particularly the segmental type fathered by Mr. Fred Lanchester, and the straight sort made by Messrs. David Brown and Son, of Huddersfield. The flood of academic criticism which has surrounded the vexed question of worm versus bevel-gear drives to the back axle now stands a chance of being definitely settled in an unequivocal manner.

Although their own particular pet

worm is concerned, the Daimler Company have in a most sporting manner offered the loan of their own special and only existing testing-machine to the National Physical Laboratory to test their worm or anybody else's worm. In view of the fact that Messrs. Brown and Co. have offered to submit their parallel form of worm to a competitive trial with the Lanchester segmental worm, the Daimler Motor Company will shortly issue a challenge on the subject, and provide the machine by which the competing devices will be adjudged and tested.



PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE HYDRO-AEROPLANE OF THE SERVICE BETWEEN MENTONE AND MONACO: A MENTONE VIEW.



A HYDRO-AEROPLANE SERVICE BETWEEN MENTONE AND MONACO: LEGRAS, THE AIRMAN, WITH PASSENGERS ABOARD HIS FLYING-MACHINE.

The Mentone-Monaco hydro-aeroplane service was inaugurated the other day by Legras, the well-known airman.
Photographs by Marfo.



Lord and Lady Londesborough's move into town is the most interesting of the season's changes of address. At St. Dunstan's Lodge, Outer Circle, Regent's Park, they were, actually, in the outer circle. Although it be only a matter of minutes, and very few at that, to link up Regent's Park with Oxford Street, one disadvantage of St. Dunstan's is that it sounds remote; it suggests Highgate or the Highlands. Nor is the region always found exhilarating. "In Regent's Park you might tell me that the most lovely woman in the world adored me, and I would still be downcast; but tell me in Hyde Park that my son is marrying a ballet girl, and I would still be happy." Such was an eminent friend's verdict; and Lord and Lady Londesborough's new house is nearer the happy land, at the corner of Mount Street.

The flitting of Lord and Lady Londesborough

does not mean that St. Dunstan's and the district will be deserted. Mr. Otto Kahn, who knew London before he knew New York, and possesses as good a knowledge of householding here as in America, is the ingoing tenant; and although the house will never again be responsible for the swamping of the whole N.W. district with motors, as it was on gala days in the old régime, it will still be the centre of considerable entertaining.

To Lord Londesborough

(who cannot, perhaps, resist the suggestion that the Chancellor of the

Exchequer is responsible

MISS MONA MARY CHAPLIN, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MR. PERCY S. BANNING, OF THE ROYAL MUNSTER FUSILIERS, WAS FIXED TO TAKE PLACE YESTERDAY (MARCH 25).

for every selling of a lease) is now attributed a revision of a familiar Californian jest: "We live where we can, and Kahn where we can't."

Piccadilly versus Penshurst.

For the wedding three years ago of her daughter by her first marriage there was no need to come to town; Penshurst made too good a background to be deserted. The old oak within, and the old oaks without, Sacharissa's grove, the old bells of the village church, and, above all, the old villagers, were such as could not be had at St. Margaret's, Westminster. The villagers, getting into Elizabethan garb for the occasion, proved, nearly to a man, to have genuine Elizabethan countenances, and the occasion may well have been pleasing to the shade of Sir Philip Sidney. It was some time in the duller regions of the Victorian era that the family let go its hold upon the name of Shelley; and for the time being there is no younger generation to clamour

Even Lady De L'Isle and Dudley capitulates to the Ritz, where her dance will be held on May 2.



CAPTAIN F. J. BEAR AND MISS GERTRUDE LEWIS, WHOSE MARRIAGE IS FIXED FOR TODAY (MARCH 26).

It is arranged that the wedding of Captain F. J. Bear, of the 3rd City of London Regiment, and Miss Gertrude Lewis, granddaughter of Mrs. Lewis, of Streton Court, Weybridge, shall take place at St. James', Piccadilly, to-day, March 26.

Photographs by Debenham and Gould and Langford.

for its revival. No Shelley Sidneys will dance on April 2.

"The Young Family."

The youthful mother, the

youthful

grandmother—these are familiar figures, and very elegant too! But the youthful great-grandmother! This rôle has been reserved for Blanche, Lady Rosslyn, and miraculously well has she played her part. The birth of a daughter to Lady Rosabelle Bingham makes Lord Rosslyn a grandfather, and he sighs; it adds to the fourth generation of his mother's offspring, and she laughs. She needed no support, therefore, under the news, which was lucky. Lady Helmsley, who was her guest in York Terrace when the news came, could not

have offered consolation with a very good face, since she has herself put her grandmother in the same position. Blanche, Lady Rosslyn,

has quite got over the effects of her fall, which has been as near a trouble to her for months as anything could be. No wonder the Duchess of Sutherland finds it hard to persuade people she is a victim of garrulous age—and her mother a girl!

The Passing of St. Patrick's Day, perhaps for the last time, was cele-

brated by Kings and Queens. It is impossible to suppose that when Home Rule is in force England will participate with such eagerness in Erin's rejoicing. The sentiment which makes every Londoner put shamrock in his buttonhole, and which leads Queen Alexandra to deck her table in green in honour of St. Patrick, must partially evaporate in the near future. The German Emperor has shamrock specially sent from Limerick; the King of Spain sings "The Wearing o' the Green"—a song which won the approval of Queen Victoria; and Buckingham Palace is gayer than usual on March 17; but without doubt Freedom will do something to mar the general zest for the festival.

MR. PERCY S. BANNING, OF THE ROYAL MUNSTER FUSILIERS, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MISS MONA MARY CHAPLIN WAS FIXED FOR YESTERDAY (MARCH 25).

Photograph by Lambert Weston.



TO MARRY MR. GUY FISHER-ROWE: MISS MARJORIE RAINSFORD-HANNAY.

Miss Rainsford-Hannay, whose marriage was arranged to take place immediately after Easter, is the daughter of Brigadier-General F. Rainsford-Hannay, C.B., late of the Royal Engineers, and of Mrs. Rainsford-Hannay, of Mousehill Lodge, Milford, Surrey. Mr. Fisher-Rowe is the second son of the late Captain Edward R. Fisher-Rowe, of Guildford, and of Lady Victoria Fisher-Rowe, who is a daughter of the first Earl of Ravensworth.

Photograph by Swaine.



MR. EDMUND LEWIS HEINEMANN AND MISS IDA MARGARET MACDONALD, WHOSE ENGAGEMENT IS ANNOUNCED.

An engagement is announced between Mr. Edmund Lewis Heinemann, of 34, North Audley Street, and Miss Ida Margaret Macdonald, elder daughter of the late Robert Burden Macdonald, of Boswall House, Edinburgh.—[Photographs by Dorothy Hickling.]



Bombay's Exiles. Lady Brassey's dance on April 29 will take place at 24, Park Lane, lately the scene of a farewell dinner to Lord and Lady Willingdon. Seldom has a departure been so smoothed over with manifestations of friendliness! Lord Rosebery gave one of his rare dances at 38, Berkeley Square; and the almost regal gold plate emerged from its chamois-leather. Lord Brassey, Lady Mabelle Egerton, Miss Egerton, and Lady Idina Sackville prolonged the good-byes as far as Port Said.

WOMAN'S WAYS

BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

**The Sad Case of
the Uninvited
Guest.**

There is something pathetic about the case of the Uninvited Guest. For, while many sensible folk prefer to go early to bed o' nights, disliking hot rooms, crowded staircases, unwholesome suppers, and "party" champagne, here is an Enthusiast who would fain serve at the altar of Pleasure, a neophyte who is

willing to observe all the ritual of fashion, who is ready—unlike other luckier young men—to dance all night no matter with whom, to take down the least interesting chaperon to supper, and do battle with waiters for a chicken-bone or a glass of wine. His, indeed, is the fervour which can be turned into fanaticism; the courage which revives lost causes; the audacity which organises victory. He comes—attired, as the Victorian novelists say, in immaculate evening-dress—unbidden to your house, and so convincing is his appearance that you cannot distinguish him from the other hundred or so young men, and yet he must be chased with every humiliation and indignity from the festive scene, huddled into the outer darkness away from the lights, the music, the bright eyes of women, and the alluring perfume of the flowers. I think there should be, in every modish ball-room, one Uninvited Guest, to add to the excitement and amusement of the entertainment, for the game would be to find out which, among all the white waistcoats and clean-shaven faces present, was the reprobate. The fact is, we have so little imagination, so small a sense of humour nowadays, that we cannot see the charm of such a situation. An effete civilisation sees in the stranger only a possible burglar or lunatic. In the Orient, so polite an adventurer would be treated with courtesy and hospitality, just as savage tribes welcome a passing traveller with gifts of sheep and fruits. In short, with our meticulous care for the conventionalities, we are definitely destroying Romance.



AN ELEGANT WALKING-COSTUME :
A BLACK-VELVET COAT OVER A
WHITE ACCORDION-PLEATED SKIRT.

care for the conventionalities, we are definitely destroying Romance.

Everybody's Doing It. The effect of the long-drawn-out taxi-cab strike has been that everybody has learned there

are other and less expensive ways of getting about town than in motor-cabs. The Victorian attitude about public vehicles is quite obsolete, for whereas during the reign of the great Queen it was considered almost indecent to mention the word omnibus, and well-nigh a social crime to be seen in one, now even the most exalted persons occasionally mount these modern whirling monsters, and ladies in all the latest fashions and most sumptuous furs are to be seen inside and out. This sensible innovation began when Snobbishness first became ridiculous, and is directly connected with the modern crusade against hypocrisy and cant. At first, people went by underground railway who were too genteel to permit themselves to be seen hailing a 'bus, and who were too stingy to take a cab; and for a long time this compromise between economy and the conventions was successfully carried on. But once motor-omnibuses began to invade the streets, the temptation to take cheap and fast journeys all over town was too much even for Victorian sticklers for etiquette, and the snob's barrier was

finally broken down. Of course, the democratic Tubes made the first opening, and things have so far progressed that these useful railways are now used in the evening even more than in the day. In the "Piccadilly" and the "Bakerloo" at eleven-thirty are to be seen the most alluring opera-cloaks and head-dressings in the most advanced fashions. The strike is said to have had a disastrous effect on the bookings for stalls at the theatres, but this would only happen on wet nights. The theatres and music-halls now send their audiences straight out into the streets, which, half-an-hour before midnight, present a singular spectacle—that of seething crowds of men in evening-dress, and of women in Parisian cloaks and jewels.

The Chinese Craze.

The craze for everything Chinese, just now, amounts to an epidemic. Even as Japan, ten years ago, seemed to us Western Islanders the shrine of all the arts and graces, now our connoisseurs and dilettanti have once more turned to the Middle Kingdom, to the most ancient civilisation now existing in the world. Even in women's dress you already see signs of this change; the kimono is relegated to the region of dowdy or obsolete modes, and the loose Chinese coat, with its sumptuous embroideries, has definitely taken its place. In the drawing-rooms of England, the Chinese mania finds ample room for expression. At first it was the Chinese screen round which raged all the envious desires, the thirst for possession. To obtain a screen of the best period made in the Celestial kingdom was the aspiration of every man and woman with pretensions to taste. Then Chinese porcelain, with its subtle pinks and yellows, became again as much in vogue as it was among the powdered beaux and belles of the eighteenth century. Bibelots made by Chinese craftsmen and artists are being sought after assiduously, while the jade snuff-box is collected with frenzy and the carved jade ornament may be seen on every feminine neck. This year, Chinese wall-papers, Chinese Chippendale furniture, and Chinese draperies and chintzes will help to turn our homes into something resembling the strange, attractive houses of Canton or Peking.

Houris in Hoops. Another

singular infatuation at the present hour is the admiration for hoops which is vehemently expressed, not only by our "modern" painters, but by the very women who walk about in the scantiest skirts, and who have apparently discarded everything which they can possibly leave off. No play attracts, nowadays, unless there are wobbling Mid-Victorian crinolines in it. At fancy balls, half the feminine guests are garbed like Dora Copperfield; while modish young artists will not paint a lady unless she emerges from a sea of stiffened flounces. The contrast between present-day fashions is piquant, but is this admiration for the crinoline ominous?



L'APRÈS-MIDI D'UNE PARISIENNE :
AN AFTERNOON DRESS.

The dress is in rose-pink silk and Milanese lace. The skirt has a panier-shaped drapery, tied in a loose knot at the back.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on March 27.

HOME RAILWAYS.

THE position of all sections of the Stock Exchange is very much the same at present, in that practically no business is passing, and prices are unduly depressed by general political and financial conditions. Under these circumstances there are undoubtedly bargains to be picked up in most directions which are likely to show an investor a substantial appreciation as soon as normal conditions are restored.

In certain sections, however, the internal positions—as opposed to the general market position—are such that this improvement is more certain, and likely to be larger than in others. Among these latter the Home Railway group stands out prominently.

We have already entered upon the period when traffics compare with those of the strike last year, and from the present figures it seems certain that not only will the traffics then lost be recovered, but a considerable improvement over the 1911 figures will be shown.

Taking into consideration the increased traffics to date, it does not seem unreasonable to look for an increase of £360,000 in Great Central gross receipts for the half-year; and the Great Western should show nearly £600,000 over the 1912 figures. In the case of the latter, the Ordinary stock now stands at 115, and on the basis of last year's dividend yields about 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

In addition to the increase in working costs, it must be remembered that directors are unlikely to make more than a moderate increase in dividends, in view of the state of the labour world; but, nevertheless, some increase appears quite certain, and we have little doubt that quotations in nearly every instance will stand considerably higher as soon as the market is freed from outside influences.

FIVE PER CENT. INVESTMENTS.

We are so often asked to recommend investments bearing interest in the neighbourhood of 5 per cent. that we make no apology for publishing the following list, most of which we have previously recommended at one time or another. Lack of space prevents us going fully into the position of each security, but we append a few remarks on each. In calculating the yield, we have not taken redemption into consideration.

| NAME. | Interest per Cent. | Interest Payable. | Price. | Yield. |
|--|-----------------------|----------------------|-------------------|--------|
| Chilian Northern Railway Debts. | 5 | June-Dec. | 98 $\frac{1}{2}$ | £5 2 6 |
| Sorocabana First Mortgage Debts. | 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ | April-Oct. | 85 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 5 7 6 |
| Forestal Land, Timber, and Railway Company First Mortgage Debentures | 5 | Jan-July | 102 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 4 18 6 |
| Leopoldina Terminal Debentures | 5 | Jan-July | 101 $\frac{1}{4}$ | 4 19 6 |
| Auckland Harbour Debentures | 5 | Jan-July | 104 | 4 17 6 |
| United of Havana Preference | 5 | June-Dec. | 100 $\frac{7}{8}$ | 5 0 0 |
| City of Nicolaieff Bonds | 5 | Jan-July | 96 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 5 4 6 |
| State of Rio de Janeiro Bonds | 5 | April-Oct. | 94 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 5 7 6 |

Chilian Northern Railway Debentures are guaranteed by the Chilian Government both as to interest and sinking-fund for redemption, which will ensure redemption at par by 1940. *The Sorocabana Railway* runs from San Paulo, and is leased to the Brazil Railway Company, which pays this Company sufficient to provide all fixed charges, full Preference dividend, and dividends on the Ordinary capital on a rising scale, with a minimum of 3 per cent. The Debentures are repayable by purchase or drawings at par, commencing in 1916, and the whole issue will be redeemed by 1961. *The Forestal Land, Timber, and Railway Company* owns about 1,625,000 acres of land, and leases 800,000 acres in the Chaco district of the Argentine, comprising Quebracho forests. The Company also owns factories, saw-mills, light railways, and agricultural and pastoral properties of considerable importance. There are £1,000,000 Debentures issued, which are redeemable by thirty-five annual drawings at 102 $\frac{1}{2}$; interest payable free of tax. *Leopoldina Terminal Debentures* have often been recommended before in these columns. They are secured by a first charge on the entire undertaking of the Company, and, in addition, are guaranteed as to principal and interest by the Leopoldina Railway Company. A sinking-fund of $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. commenced this year, applicable to annual drawings at par or to purchases in the market below par. *Auckland Harbour Debentures*.—£250,000 of these were offered at par at the end of January by the Bank of New Zealand, and are redeemable in twenty years' time. *United Railway of Havana Preference* are entitled to a 5 per cent. cumulative dividend. The position of this railway has been steadily improving of late years, and traffics for the current period show an increase of about £130,000; and prospects for the sugar crop are such that in all probability the Ordinary will get an increase in dividend. *City of Nicolaieff Bonds* were issued in London early in 1912 at 96 $\frac{1}{2}$, and are redeemable at par in forty-eight years' time. The issue was made for the purpose of carrying out certain municipal improvements. The assets of the city are valued at £1,778,000, while its total liabilities amount to £1,009,000. *The State of Rio de Janeiro Loan* made its appearance when the Balkan depression was at its height, and met with a poor reception, but it is well secured on the revenue of the State, which is one of the best in Brazil. The Bonds are redeemable by drawings at par from the proceeds of a sinking-fund commencing in October 1915.

THE LIVERPOOL NITRATE COMPANY.

We have received the following note from our correspondent "Q," who, it will be remembered, has steadily recommended Liverpool Nitrate shares since they stood about 20—

At a meeting held at Liverpool on March 13, the shareholders of the Liverpool Nitrate Company unanimously decided to subdivide the shares into eight shares of the nominal value of 5s. each. This step, which was foreshadowed in this column some months ago, has come none too soon, for the £2 shares had advanced to £31, which puts them beyond the reach of the small investor. It is rather amusing to those who are *au fait* with the position and prospects of this Company to notice that almost every newspaper has stated recently that the rise in the price of the shares is due to an expectation in the market that the dividend for the current year will be 150 per cent. as against 125 per cent. last year, or £3 instead of 50s. per share. The actual reason for the steady advance in the price of the shares is something quite different. In the first place, it is not probable that the dividend for the current year will be increased—although the profit will no doubt show a big increase, owing to the improved price for nitrate—because a large sum will probably be diverted to paying for the enormous new works which are being erected, whose cost will amount to nearly £100,000. The real reason why shrewd people have been buying these shares at what seems a very high price is that, starting from next January, the production, and consequently the profits, of this Company will be doubled, because the new Maquina, referred to above, will then commence work. This is not a matter of conjecture or opinion, but a matter of fact which it is open to anyone to ascertain from the Company's officials. It follows that from 1914, and assuming no great fall in the price of nitrate, the profits should be sufficient to allow of a distribution of £5 per share per annum on the old shares—or, say, 12s. a share on the new shares into which the old shares are now to be subdivided. I leave your readers to work out for themselves what the value of the shares will be in a couple of years under these conditions, and will content myself with the expression of an opinion that, although the present price of the shares may look high, these shares are really still quite the cheapest and best in the Nitrate Market.

Q.

IN A BROKER'S OFFICE.

I found him—the broker, that is—talking busily on the telephone, but he seemed quite pleased to see me and stretched forth a hand of greeting.

"Well," he said, when he had put the receiver down, "and what can I do for you?"

"I've come to get some copy," said I. "What's going on?"

"Nothing, my friend; abso-bally-lutely nothing."

"That's no good to me, and it won't earn your bread-and-butter either."

"You're a nice man to talk about earning bread-and-butter. What about your loan account?"

"But it's only a very little one," said I, as an excuse.

"Yes, I know; but it was one of my unlucky days when we fixed the rate at five per cent.; you ought to be paying seven-and-a-half." When I'd agreed to pay a bit more, he went on: "You know, I believe you'd be wise to clear out the stuff you've held so long, and turn the money over a bit."

"Well, maybe, but I can bide a wee; I'm a patient man, and it's a bad time to sell anything."

"It cuts both ways, my boy, if you are going to buy anything else."

"What's your idea, anyway?"

"I suggest jobbing in Trunk Ordinary on the bull tack; when you see a point profit, take it, and get in again on any reaction."

"Fine business for the broker," I laughed; "but there's too much turn and commission for my liking. I want something to take up and put away for a month or two. What d'ye think of Canadian Pacifics?"

"Excellent, but you don't get very many for your money; Trunk Thirds should suit you better. All the same, you watch the Ordinary and you'll see there's money to be made as I suggest."

"There's a syndicate or something, isn't there, trying to transfer control to the other side?"

"That's supposed to be the object," he answered. "I don't know whether it's right or wrong, but I do know there's a syndicate buying, and a powerful one, too."

"What price Rubbers or Oils?" I queried.

"They'll probably improve with everything else in the days to come, but at present one might as well stay at home as try to do business in those markets."

"The latest reports are pretty good. Batu Caves and Patalings look cheaper than some of the young producer group."

The Broker politely agreed, and began to search among numerous boxes for the hat he always goes home in. I took the hint, and we went down the stairs together.

"The Spies output is increasing," I ventured.

"Quite right," he answered, accepting a Turkish cigarette, which I knew he hated. "You'll see them up to thirty bob—when the tide turns."

"Going to the seaside for Easter, I suppose, you lucky dog?" I said; and he nodded a cheerful affirmative as he dodged off between a motor-bus and a taxi.

ODDS AND ENDS.

The Employers Liability Insurance Corporation are making steady progress, and the shares appear attractive at their present price of 13 $\frac{1}{2}$. The dividend has been increased from 5s. to 14s. per annum since 1912, and the distributions are now made solely out of interest

[Continued on page 390.]

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Rag-Time Servants.

The popular craze has invaded the servants' hall, and the inmates have got it very badly. A smart young housemaid does all her work to rag-time. It may be cheerful, but it is apt to be rather irritating. Very early in the day one does not appreciate hot water being brought, the blinds opened, etc., to a subdued humming and with a two-step movement. The mistress of the house says dusting to rag-time is very unsatisfactory—there are distinct hops over the dust. The page-boy does a *pas-seul* to the prevailing melody on every available opportunity, and spills shaving-water over the newly painted door-treads. The cook, not herself a victim of the rag-time epidemic, says the kitchen-maid is impossible: she does all her work to such catchy tunes that the whole kitchen is disorganised, and the vegetables are peeled and jerked into the pot in time with the "Gaby Glide." This is one complaint; another is of a chauffeur who hums rag-time tunes and makes his car dance to them! A third was that one evening when the family, who perform on various instruments, were doing a popular tune, the door was suddenly opened, and it was perceived that an impromptu dance was being vastly enjoyed in the hall by the entire domestic staff, and that an enterprising youngster of six, who had been put to bed, was footling it on the first-floor landing in imminent danger of a header downstairs!

Hullo, Headlines! A censor will really have to be appointed over the headlines which are our read-as-you-run method of potted news-vending. It is rather a shock to a conventionally minded person to read in big lettering "Sudden Death of a Bishop," and then, in letters little less large, "Well-Known Clown Passes Away." There being nothing between, the two events become too intimately connected in our minds. Mr. Landon Ronald is rather fond of telling how he saw, writ large and plain, "Calamity in the City," "Landon Ronald Appointed Principal Guildhall School of Music." Anyone who studies these things will remember many instances where things got extremely mixed in headlines.

As the Romans Do. Rome, the cradle of many arts, had in days of old much ascendancy in that of the jeweller. Benvenuto Cellini worked much in Rome; many of his masterpieces are there now. Tecla intends that modern Rome, the Mecca of the traveller of to-day, shall have one of the beautiful ateliers well known



A FAMOUS BRITISH AIRMAN AND HIS WIFE ON THE RIVIERA: MR. AND MRS. CLAUDE GRAHAME-WHITE, WITH M. AND MME. MORS.

Mr. Grahame-White, who is the second from the left in the above photograph, married, last year, Miss Dorothy Taylor, only daughter of Mr. Bertrand Le Roy Taylor, of New York.—[Photograph by Navello.]

in connection with the name in London, Paris, Vienna, Berlin, and Nice. The familiar front which we know at 7, Old Bond Street we shall see reproduced, if we visit Rome (where so many lately assembled for Easter), at 144, Corso Umberto. There is a cachet about the Tecla ornaments that makes them worthy of so classical a setting as the City of the Seven Hills. The craftsmen are, like those of old, proud of their work, and put their personality into the setting of the beautiful Tecla gems with real diamonds in platinum and gold. There are marvellously accurate reproductions, too, of priceless family jewels which their owners love to wear, but decline the responsibility of carrying about. So fine are the pearls that many necklaces are lengthened with them, no difference being discernible on the closest examination between the gems which



THE DUKE OF ROXBURGHE'S HEIR WITH THE CHAMPION LAWN-TENNIS PLAYER: LORD ALASTAIR INNES-KER (LEFT) AND MR. A. F. WILDING, ON THE RIVIERA.

Lord Alastair Innes-Ker is a Captain in the Royal Horse Guards and served in South Africa. In 1907 he married Miss Anne Breese, daughter of Mr. W. L. Breese, of New York. Mr. A. F. Wilding won the Singles Lawn-Tennis Championship at Wimbledon both last year and the year before. The other day he won the Monte Carlo Championship (Gentlemen's Open Singles).

Photograph by Navello.

have been in families for generations and those which Tecla has added. If in Rome one does as the Romans do, there will be a run on these lovely ornaments.

A Royal Appointment. There is nothing on which home comfort so greatly depends as the fire-grate. The first royal appointment which has ever been conferred on a firm of iron-founders has been sent from the Lord Chamberlain's office to the Carron Company, appointing them as grate-manufacturers to his Majesty. The records of the firm extend for over a century and a half, and it has supplied grates to Holyrood, St. James's, and other royal palaces.

Dainty and Delicious. This describes the scent of the modest English violet. To capture that scent and to issue many toilet accessories perfumed with it, and to embody it with novelties also dainty and delicious, has been the work, most successfully accomplished, of the Misses A. and D. Allen-Brown, who have their violet-nurseries at Henfield, Sussex.



WIFE OF A FIRST COUSIN OF THE TSAR: THE GRAND DUCHESS CYRIL ON THE POLO-GROUND AT CANNES.

The Grand Duchess Cyril, whose marriage took place in 1905, was formerly known as Princess Victoria of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. The Grand Duke Cyril is the eldest son of the Tsar's uncle, the Grand Duke Vladimir.

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.

A charming present is their fitted motor-case, the colour violet, the fittings imitation ivory. It contains comb, hand-glass, English violet-foam for the skin, soap, toilet-powder with puff, water-softener, Papier Violette, and assorted invisible hair-pins; the price is only 18s. 6d. There are bath-salts, shampoo-powder, mouth-wash, motor-lotion, bath-bowls filled with English violet soap, and with a brush and shaving-cream, sachets of all kinds, brilliantine, and old Sussex pot-pourri; also boxes of freshly cut English violets from 1s. 6d., post free. It is quite an institution, this Sussex violet farm, with the charming preparations therefrom.

On the Wing. Everybody went somewhere for Easter. The few millions inevitably left in London to amuse themselves by vicarious travels at picture-shows, and have so far their pleasure, nor does fatigue assail them. There were days before Easter so beautiful that it seemed silly to go to the Riviera for sunshine; then came gales and snow and cold. Very many, therefore, departed to the Sunny South. Paris and Rome claimed crowds of sight-seers; yachting cruises in sunny waters were also well patronised. A larger number possibly than ever before are in the country tasting the varied pleasures of an English spring and suffering its various specimens of climate. Easter being early, there is still hunting to enjoy; the whir of the motor is loud in the land, and the click of the smitten golf-ball is heard on the links. Some people are spring salmon-fishing; may their experience not be what was once mine!—to have to draw the gut through my mouth in order to thaw it, before I could cast.



DAUGHTER OF THE LATE KING OF THE BELGIANS AND COUSIN OF THE PRESENT KING: COUNTESS LONYAY AND HER HUSBAND ON THE RIVIERA.

Countess Lonyay, formerly Princess Stéphanie of Belgium, is the second daughter of the late King Leopold and a first cousin of King Albert. She married first, in 1881, the late Archduke Rudolph of Austria, who died in 1889; in 1900 she married Elemer Count Lonyay of Nagy-Lonya and Vasaros-Nameny.

Photograph by Navello.

Continued from page 388.]

received on investments, all profits going to strengthen the financial position. The dividend will probably be 15s. per share for 1913, and the break-up value is considerably above the market quotation. There is an uncalled liability of £8 per share.

* * * * *

The United States Government appear to have gone to a deal of trouble and expense in prosecuting a certain pair of financiers for unloading bogus shares on the public. There must be a good many firms over here who are thankful that our Government are not so active. "More's the pity!"

* * * * *

The Market hardly knew what to make of the announcement that the Railroad Commission of the State of California had refused to approve of the distribution of the Southern Pacific Stock, which is held by the Union Pacific Company.

As was previously arranged, those who undertook to do the underwriting, if required, will now receive 5·8 per cent., and they don't come off so badly. The amount of stock in question was £25,000,000, so the commission now payable will come to about £156,000. When the announcement first appeared, Southern Pacifics were bought and Unions sold, but since then both have declined, and no one really seems to know what is going to happen.

* * * * *

The market considered that the coming issue of £300,000 5 per cent. Debentures by the Gramophone Company was a bear point and marked the shares down accordingly. We are inclined to think the Directors will have little difficulty in making the money immediately remunerative, and the financial position of the Company should make the Debentures attractive, although, of course, much depends upon the actual terms of the issue.

* * * * *

Speaking at the meeting of General Investors and Trustees, Ltd., the chairman said that, although trade had continued satisfactory and money supplies adequate, last year could not be considered a good one from a financial point of view, owing to the latent feeling of nervousness at the disturbed conditions at home and abroad.

Nevertheless, the Report must be considered satisfactory, and, after paying the same dividend as a year ago—namely, 6 per cent.—both the allocation to reserve and the carry-forward are slightly increased.

The Company's record is an excellent one, the revenue having increased from £23,000 in 1908 to £42,400 last year, and a reserve fund of £44,000 has been built up.

We have always considered William Whiteleys Preference shares a sound Industrial holding, and the report just issued confirms this view. After charging depreciation, directors' fees, and all interest (including that on the Debentures), there remained a balance of £64,000, or more than three times the sum required for the Preference dividend. The reserve fund is increased to £120,000, and the Ordinary shares receive 6 per cent.

Thursday, March 20, 1913.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor.
The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

SORROWFUL.—The Company went into liquidation some months ago, and we fear you will never get anything back.

ALPHA.—We have answered you by post.

A. C. (Southampton).—Both bonds are perfectly good and safe.

SCRUTATOR.—In view of the bank's letter, we do not think you need pay anything; but, undoubtedly, the gentleman did run about on your behalf, so why not send him something—say half-a-guinea?

W. B. (Ireland).—More recent developments have not been very satisfactory, as the assay-values are decreasing. Realise on any improvement in the market.

NOTE.—As we go to press early this week, we ask the indulgence of those readers whose replies are unavoidably held over.

The report of the directors of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Ltd., for the year ended Jan. 31, 1913, states that the net profit, after providing for depreciation on leases, investments, stock, dies, etc., amounts to £45,830 17s. 2d. The amount remaining for disposal, after deduction for the Preference and interim Ordinary dividends paid during the year, and including the amount brought forward, is £35,526 3s. 6d. The directors recommend a final dividend on the Ordinary shares at the rate of 7½ per cent. per annum for the six months to Jan. 31, making 7½ per cent. for the year ended at that date, and that there be carried to the reserve fund £5000, raising that fund to £110,000. There will then remain to be carried forward to the new profit-and-loss account £19,276 3s. 6d. This is admittedly a satisfactory result, upon which the shareholders may be congratulated, and goes to show once more that the Company maintain and the public appreciate the high standard of quality and sterling value for which the Company is so well known.

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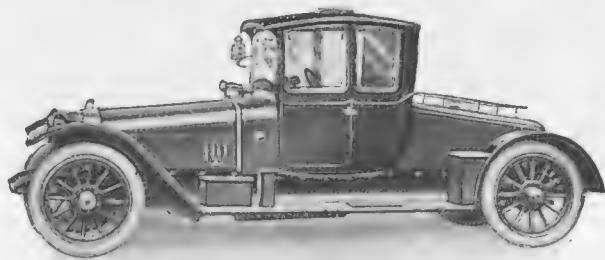
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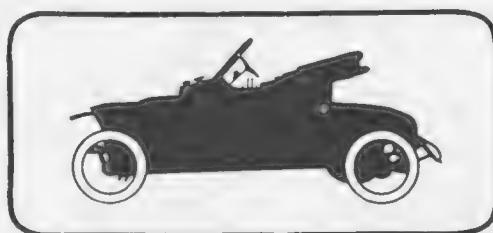
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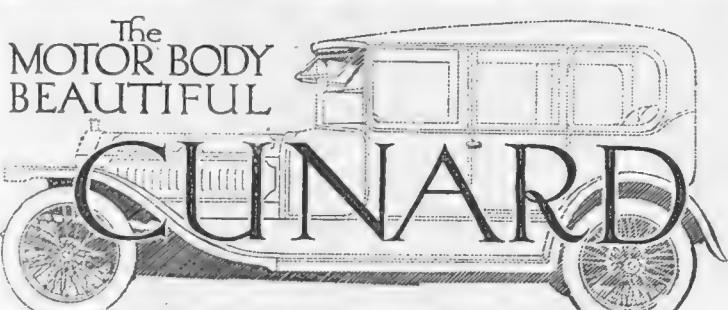
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| 4 Well-made Solid Walnut Bedroom Suites , complete | 5 | 5 | 0 |
| 4 Splendid Full-size Black and Brass Mounted Bedsteads , complete with Bedding (unsold) | 2 | 17 | 6 |
| 3 Very Handsome Design White Enamel Bedroom Suites , of Louis XIV. style | 7 | 15 | 0 |
| 3 White Enamel Bedsteads to match | 1 | 15 | 0 |
| 4 Well-made Large Solid Oak Bedroom Suites , | 6 | 15 | 0 |
| 4 Solid Oak Full-size Bedsteads to match, with patient Wire Spring Mattress, complete | 2 | 10 | 0 |
| 4 Very Artistic Sheraton Design Inlaid Mahogany Bedroom Suites , at | 7 | 15 | 0 |
| 2 Pair of 3 ft. Sheraton Design Inlaid Mahogany Bedsteads to match at | 2 | 5 | 0 |
| 3 Artistic Large Solid Walnut Bedroom Suites , | 9 | 15 | 0 |
| 3 Massive Polished Brass and Black Bedsteads , with Fine Quality Spring Mattress | 3 | 17 | 6 |
| 2 Fine Old English Gent's Wardrobes , fitted Sliding Trays and Drawers, at | 7 | 15 | 0 |
| 2 Solid Oak ditto | 5 | 15 | 0 |
| 1 Large Solid Mahogany Wardrobe , fitted with Drawers, Trays &c. | 9 | 15 | 0 |
| 3 Fine Solid Oak Chests of Drawers at | 2 | 5 | 0 |
| 2 Exceptionally Well-made Bedroom Suites in Solid American Walnut at | 12 | 10 | 0 |
| 2 Very Elegant Bedroom Suites , with 5 ft. 6 in. Wardrobes | 14 | 14 | 0 |
| 2 Very Handsome Bedsteads to match at | 3 | 3 | 0 |
| Very Choice Sheraton Design Bedroom Suite | 11 | 15 | 0 |
| Elaborate all Brass Sheraton Style Bedstead , with Superior Spring Mattress and Bedding, complete | 4 | 10 | 0 |
| Choice Chippendale Design Bedroom Suite | 12 | 12 | 0 |
| Chippendale Design Bedstead to match Queen Anne Design Solid Mahogany Bedroom Suite | 5 | 15 | 0 |
| All Brass Full-size Bedstead , with Superior Spring Mattress | 18 | 6 | 0 |
| Very Choice Adams Design Bedroom Suite , with 6 ft. wide Wardrobe | 19 | 0 | 0 |
| Massive Square Pillar Brass Bedstead , with Bedding all complete | 5 | 15 | 0 |
| Costly Chippendale Design Mahogany Bedroom Suite | 32 | 0 | 0 |
| Very Fine all Brass Bedstead , Fitted Superior Spring Mattress | 5 | 10 | 0 |
| Costly Inlaid Satin Wood Bedroom Suite | 35 | 0 | 0 |
| Panelled Satin Wood Bedstead to match Very Magnificent Empire Design Bedroom Suite | 10 | 10 | 0 |
| Very Magnificent Italian Brass Bedstead , with Superior Spring Mattress, Uncommon Kingwood and Satin Wood Bedroom Suite | 65 | 0 | 0 |
| Kingwood and Satin Wood Bedstead to match | 18 | 0 | 0 |
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| Massive Carved Oak Sideboard | 6 | 10 | 0 |
| Overmantel Fitment to match Extending Dining Table to match | 2 | 17 | 6 |
| 2 Elegantly Carved Arm Chairs and 6 Small ditto to match | 7 | 7 | 0 |
| Set of 6 Small and 2 Arm Chairs of Hepplewhite Design, exquisitely Carved | 18 | 0 | 0 |
| Hepplewhite Design Sideboard | 10 | 0 | 0 |
| Ditto Dining Table , extending | 4 | 15 | 0 |
| Hawthorn Bowcase , Service of 18 pieces, Choice Dessert Service , | 3 | 15 | 0 |
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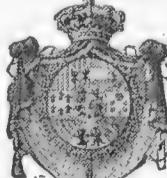
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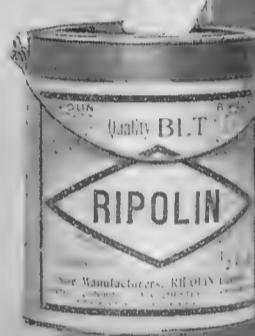
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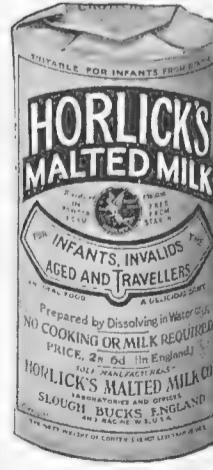
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Castle Collars are their own make throughout, faced with linen woven in their Banbridge factory, and bearing the sheen and snowy whiteness linen alone imparts.

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Double Collars. The first (D35) and third illustrations ("Box") show two popular shapes for 1913. The D35 is $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. deep at front and allows ample tie room notwithstanding smart effect. The Box, giving freedom to neck, is the collar of the outdoor man ($1\frac{1}{2}$ in. deep at front). Both are slightly deeper at back.

Wing Collars. The clean-cut appearance of these distinctive shapes makes them extremely popular for town or evening wear. 2 and $2\frac{1}{2}$ in. deep, B35 (2nd illustration) having square and B25 (4th illustration) round points.

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Sample Collar, and List,
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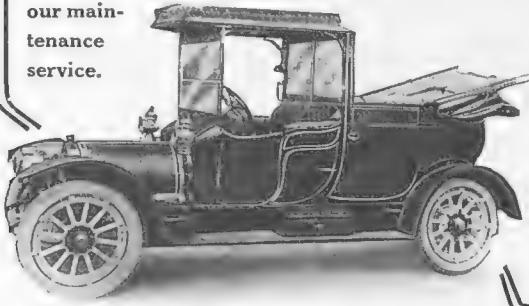
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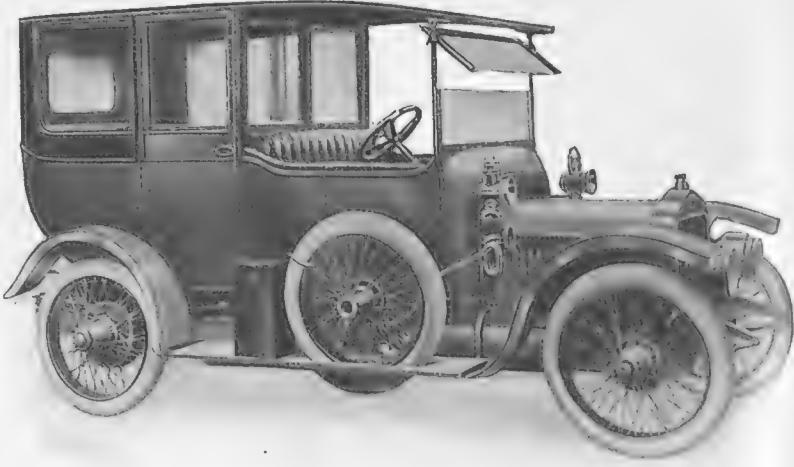
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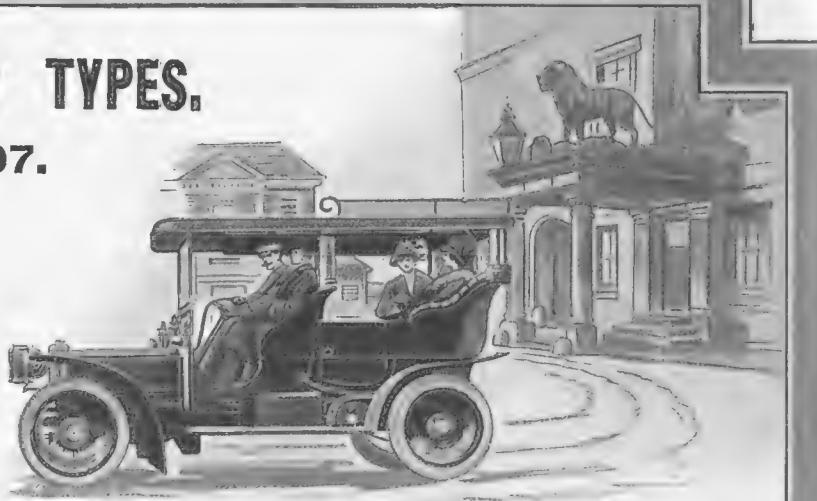
FURTHER MOTOR CAR TYPES.

No. 17. Coachwork in 1907.

If any excuse were needed for devoting two instalments of this series to the year 1907, it could be found in the coachwork of that period. In those days everything tended towards extravagantly curved lines, and decorative, fantastic and flamboyant bulged shapes. To-day we have the torpedo, with its straight and severe lines and flush panels—a contrast to six years back, but far more graceful, with its beautiful subtlety of only slightly suggested curves.

Though coachwork and engines are to be found changing from year to year—and still are changing—tyres early reached practical perfection. It has been already related how Dunlops assisted Mr. Edge in gaining the 24-hours record. But this was only one out of many historic and meritorious events of the year in which Dunlops figured. A list of those would argue that practically every motorist undertaking a motoring trip out of the ordinary naturally included the Dunlop. Just one example will serve as evidence of what is meant.

A six-cylinder Rolls-Royce, nicknamed "The Silver Ghost," set out to gain an R.A.C. certificate for a 15,000-miles non-stop run. Choice of tyres fell on Dunlops, and they acquitted themselves so well that though the test was primarily undertaken to prove the reliability of the Rolls-Royce engine it served an equal purpose for the Dunlop tyre. The more severe the test to which the Dunlop is put, the greater is its reputation enhanced.



DUNLOP TYRES

FIRST IN 1888: FOREMOST EVER SINCE.

The Dunlop Rubber Co., Ltd., Aston Cross, Birmingham; and 14, Regent Street, London, S.W. Paris: 4, Rue du Colonel Moll. Berlin: S.W., 13, Alexandrinenstrasse, 110.

A well-known amateur golfer writes regarding the Dunlop V—“I thought perhaps it might interest you to see it after having played 279 holes.”

1907

THE GROWING DEMAND

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TWIN TYRES AND RIMS

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SUPERIORITY in CONSTRUCTION
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Have you tried the
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We extend to you a cordial invitation to visit our new Children's Department on the first floor. If you have not been in this department lately you will be pleasantly surprised at the changes that we have effected. Children's things are always fascinating and we are sure our display will make a strong appeal to you. We have never before shown such desirable wearing apparel for the rising generation.

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Secrets of Beauty

SELECTED RECIPES FROM HERE AND THERE.—THINGS EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW.

Getting Rid of Female Moustaches.

"Practical Suggestions."

To women who are annoyed by disfiguring downy hair growths a method of permanently eradicating the same will come as a piece of good news. For this purpose pure powdered phenimol may be used. Almost any chemist should be able to supply an ounce of this drug. The recommended treatment is designed not only to remove the disfiguring growth instantly, leaving no trace, but also to actually kill the hair roots without irritating the skin. * * * Objectionable body odours resulting from perspiration and other causes may be instantly banished by simply applying a little powdered (white) pergo to the affected surface occasionally. * * * Smart women are rapidly adopting the use of the natural allacite of orange blossoms when the complexion is inclined to be oily. It makes a capital greaseless cream, holds the powder perfectly, and does not encourage hair growths.

Eyelash Magnetism.

"Timely Topics."

The mere curl of a woman's eyelash always has had and always will have a powerful influence in the world. There is something wonderfully magnetic about beautiful eyebrows and lashes, no matter how plain the face may be. In days gone by women used to clip their lashes to make them grow longer and stronger, but as this proved generally unsuccessful, the practice has been abandoned. Smart women of to-day, however, produce the desired effect by using a very delicate and perfectly harmless pomade-like substance known to chemists as mennenine. It may be applied at night with the finger-tips to increase and darken the growth of eyebrows and lashes. * * * Rouge is always obvious, but powdered collodian defies detection, and is quite harmless.

What Women Hate.

"Helpful Gossip."

Every woman hates a shiny nose and a dull or greasy complexion. Few know that there is an instantaneous remedy at hand in the home, one that is absolutely harmless, and that defies detection even under the closest scrutiny. If you have no clemintine in the house get about an ounce from your chemist, and add just sufficient water to dissolve it. A little of this lotion applied to the face will instantly cause the greasiness to disappear, and the skin will have a perfectly natural, velvety, youthful bloom that any woman might envy. The effect will last for many hours, and no powder is required, even under the most trying conditions, indoors or out. To prepare the face, neck and arms for a long evening in a hot ball-room nothing can compare with this simple home-made lotion. * * * To bring a natural red colour to the lips, rub them with a soft stick of prolacum.

How to have Thick and Pretty Hair.

"Home Talents."

Soaps and artificial shampoos ruin many beautiful heads of hair. Few people know that a teaspoonful of good stallax dissolved in a cup of hot water has a natural affinity for the hair and makes the most delightful shampoo imaginable. It leaves the hair brilliant, soft and wavy, cleanses the scalp completely and greatly stimulates the hair growth. The only drawback is that stallax seems rather expensive. It comes to the chemist only in sealed 1-lb. packages, which retail at half-a-crown. However, as this is sufficient for fifteen or twenty shampoos, it really works out very cheaply in the end. * * * For an actual hair-grower nothing equals pure boronium. It is quite harmless and sets the hair roots tingling with new life.



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The effect of using Pebeco Tooth Paste is only to be described as perfectly delightful.

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A shape suitable for boys at Preparatory Schools and for home wear. The Jacket is made with seam and vent. In blue Serge and Tweed, for boys of 9 to 16. Size for 9 years, 25s., 30s., 39s. 6d., and 43s. 6d., rising 9d. a size.

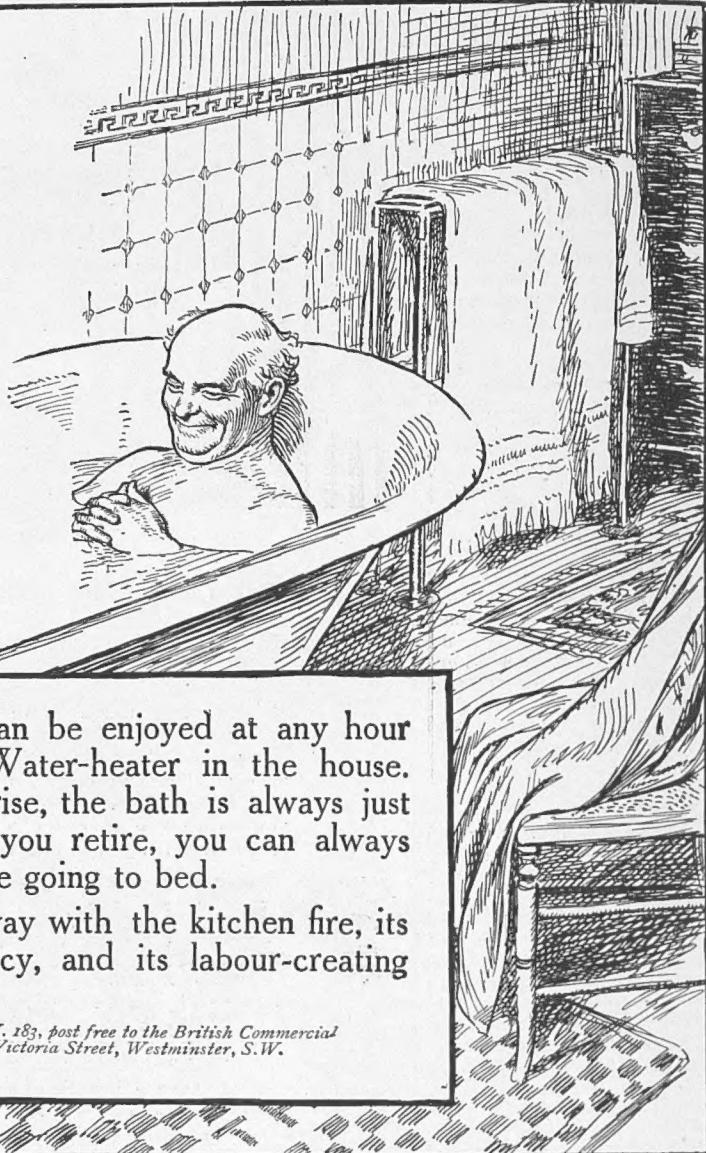
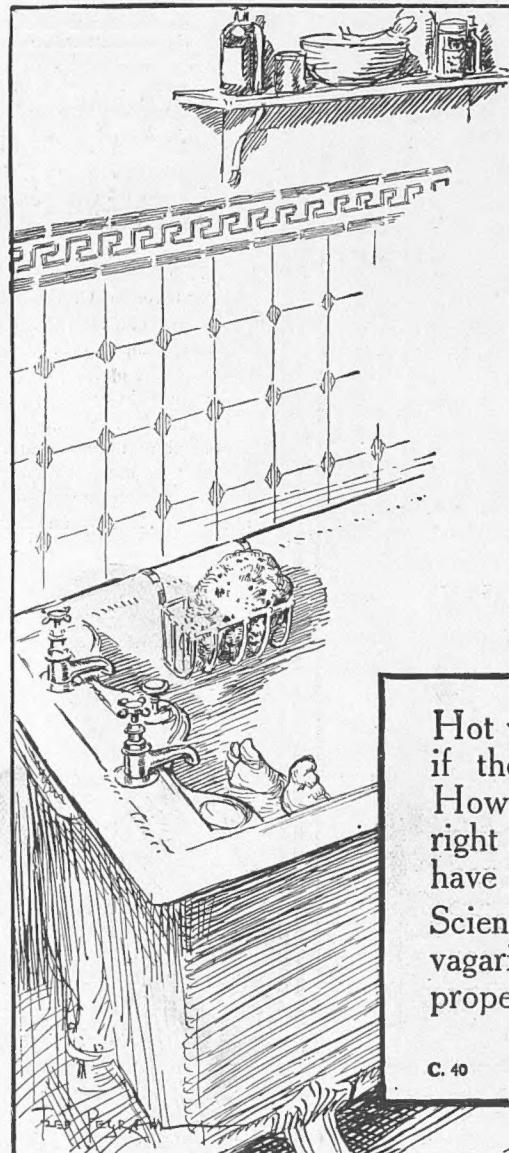
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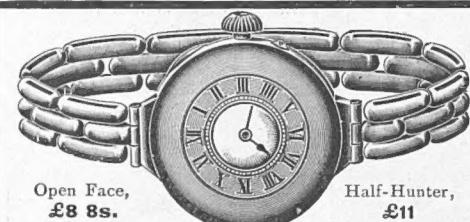
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CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"Malayan Monochromes."

By SIR HUGH CLIFFORD,
K.C.M.G.
(John Murray.)

The beauty, the magic, and the squalor of tropical Asia lurk in the restrained prose of these Malayan stories. It becomes an enthralling experience to take the charm of the East from such a mind as the author's: its romance, its terror, its humour, its unregenerate, adventuresome past from a man who has "combined with other white men to play the part of Providence" in its vast area to its thousands of human beings—a man who craves for the meanest civil servant in Asia a faith in the value of his work for mankind, the creation of order from chaos and justice from tyranny; a man who can yet feel the nostalgia for the years that have passed before that great work was so firmly established: "the man who is, as it were, amphibious—to whom the *terra firma* of solid British convention, and the deep waters of Oriental life, are alike familiar." Each of these stories is a gem from the caves of those waters. "The Quest of the Golden Fleece" is the most completely terrible—the Fleece was a white man's beard which a Borneo native flourished on his knife-handle. But there are others that will live in the memory as surely, like "The Appointed Hour" and its raconteur, "my little brown friend" warming his hands at the hotel fire in London. His tale brings to the Strand "a vision of the great tawny river of his fatherland, rolling majestically to the sea between high walls of forest; of the red earth where the running waters had cut the bank cleanly; of the bamboo fence which enclosed the rude palace of a native king; of the glory of vivid vegetation; of the blazing sun-glare pouring down from heavens infinitely blue; and of that poor mangled thing, his victim of the Appointed Hour, lying stark and awful in the midst of so much loveliness." But "monochrome" is not the *mot juste* for such a picture, or that of the paroquets weaving wonderful and changing patterns as they danced against the sombre forest background, or many another between these pages. The word is a domino thrown over a brilliant creation.

"The Mating of Lydia."

By MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.
(Smith, Elder.)

Mrs. Humphry Ward has done everything for her Lydia that can be expected from a responsible authoress. Lydia is poor, but not too much so to be always daintily dressed; she is an art-student of talent, but without affectation; a real Lord sighs to make her his Countess, and an ambitious commoner loves her better than his ambition. Needless to add, she is pretty. Her alchemy of the emotions by which she transmutes some base metal about her lover to a refinement of gold

is ingeniously attractive, and yet—so unreasonable can it be—the human appetite finds some dishes too sweet and too good for its daily food (novels being served, after newspapers, as the staple food of our daily intellectual life). Mrs. Ward disapproves of the political form of the present feminist movement, but she is too sensitive to her world to allow Lydia to be untouched by its inner meaning. "She was impatient of her sex, and the narrowness of her sex's sphere." And "we women are starved"—she thought—"because men will only marry us—or make playthings of us. . . To be treated as good fellows!—that's all we ask. Some of us would make such fratchy wives—and such excellent friends." But such views were always kept in becoming order; they were never to disturb her image as of "one of those innumerable angels or virtues, by artists illustrious or forgotten, which throng the twilight of an Italian church." The only visible expression of those views results in an absurdly démodé appeal to her rejected suitor that they should be "friends." This was "her stroke in the new great game that was to be, in the new age, between men and women." It is a dream, Lydia, that stroke of yours, which every intelligent and generous woman has dreamed in the dawn of her womanhood with eyes still veiled to the world. The men are less intimately presented. Having met Lord Tatham at afternoon tea, it might be possible to guess of him as much as Mrs. Ward chooses to tell us. Claude Faversham may be seen passing through a severe mental crisis, but always from a distance; and the strange being who collects antiques, cherishing art and crushing humanity—he belongs to the necessary machinery of the story and must be taken on trust. Mrs. Ward's treatment of this material is of the same manner to which she has accustomed her readers; solid and often sympathetic work, reasonable and dignified.

"If It Please You."

By RICHARD MARSH.
(Methuen.)

"If it please you—if, Sirs and Ladies, you will do yourselves the service to glance within—here's all sorts for you. A collection as odd, as whimsical, as strange—may we say, as humorous?—as you may be pleased to want. Here's a bishop goes a-riding with a strange lady in a stranger's car—and the tragic sequel. Here's the cat that brought the pair together. Here's the man who, having by misadventure killed his friend, turned him into gold—a wondrous narrative. Here's the girl who, in perfect innocence, came on kisses through a hedge, and did not know the giver. (A burglar, by the way). Here's something to each special taste; for all Honourable People, a feast of sorts—if it please you." And here's the thanks of the reviewer, who is infinitely pleased with it, to the author for the most tactful preface ever made (copied above).

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